

# Washington

WASHINGTON COLLEGE MAGAZINE



*An Official Welcome For President John Toll*

THE WASHINGTON COLLEGE MAGAZINE, 1923-1967  
PUBLISHED BY THE WASHINGTON COLLEGE MAGAZINE SOCIETY  
WASHINGTON, PENNSYLVANIA

## Coming of Age, Together

With this issue we officially welcome John Sampson Toll to the presidency of Washington College. Though the welcome is heartfelt, it is also primarily ceremonial since he already feels like an old friend. He adopted us last January on an interim basis and by his admission, "fell in love." As he commented at the Inauguration, "I feel like we've been living together for nine months. Now it is time to do the right thing."

In this issue we celebrate various rites of passage. John Toll's formal inauguration marked a rite of passage of the highest order on a college campus. In "doing the right thing," John Toll pledged to us to be "responsible and responsive" in leading Washington College towards a bright future. This is a journey we must all take together. To arrive there, we must all accept responsibility for making Washington College the best school it can be. And part of that responsibility is to be responsive. To survive the growing pains and the struggle of transition, we must listen to each other. In a community of diverse voices, this is the challenge. If we learn from each other and are responsible for each other, Washington College will indeed "come of age" and thrive into the future.

Growth and responsibility are themes that run throughout this issue. They are most obvious in Pat Trams' feature story about adopting her son Lenox, her subsequent

struggle with notions of responsibility, and her ultimate arrival at "motherhood." Rich Gillin's essay offers a more lighthearted glimpse of parenting in his attempt to bridge the generation gap at a Phish concert. Janet Ely '99 reminds us of that dreadful rite of passage known as freshman orientation. In the course of an outdoor adventure she manages to transcend feelings of "impending doom" and accepts the challenge to "take flight."

Other stories may require you to read between the lines, but the message is there: our students grow, accept responsibilities, and take flight. They are volunteer tutoring, they are counseling Haitian and Cuban refugees, and they are pursuing more global perspectives by doing research in foreign countries. Clearly this is a community where, with each new class of students, with the sharing of new experiences, under the tutelage of new teachers, under the leadership of a new President, we come of age together.

I cannot put this issue to bed without commenting on another important event in the life of Washington College. It is not the death of Douglass Cater that I refer to, but the gift of Douglass Cater. Though we feel the pain of his passing, the loss pales beside the gift of his spirit to this little college that he brought "into higher orbit." Douglass Cater will live on at Washington College as long as its classrooms offer spirited debate, as long as its students and faculty embrace intellectual ideals, and as long as concepts of citizenship and democracy are deemed worthy of human thought and endeavor. For

these were the things he believed made us great—and his belief in us was foremost among the many gifts he gave.

—MDH

## Corrections

In the volunteer profile of Edward Athey, he and his wife Cathy were incorrectly depicted as members of The 1782 Society at the Founders Club Level (\$1,000-\$2,999). The Atheys give at the President's Council level (\$5,000-\$9,999).

James D. and Winifred G. Anderson, members of The 1782 Society at the Founders Club level, were incorrectly identified as Mr. and Mrs. James D. Anderson.

The Carolin Leibig Book Fund listing should have read as follows:

Charles J. Covern  
Angelika R. de la Pena  
Walter Leibig  
Mr. and Mrs. Wilhelm J. Leibig  
Mr. and Mrs. William P. Mack, Jr.

In the last edition of Class Notes we regretfully misspelled the name of Col. Stephen A. Mires '71. Colonel Mires and wife, Anne, are currently in training with the Department of State at the Foreign Service Institute. He will be the Air Attaché to the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia.



VOLUME XLIV NO. 2  
WINTER 1995  
USPS 667-260

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Printing and Mailing: American Press, Inc.  
Typesetting, layout, and paste-up are done at Washington College using Macintosh computers, Apple LaserWriter Pro 630, and PageMaker software. Camera copy was output at Spectrum Arts in Baltimore, MD.

*Washington College Magazine* (USPS 667-260) is published quarterly in May, August, November, and February. Second class postage paid at Gordonsville, Virginia 22942, an additional mailing office.  
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to *Washington College Magazine*, 300 Washington Avenue, Chestertown, Maryland 21620-1197. Copyright 1995. Washington College.

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PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

*About the Cover:* Washington College's twenty-fifth president, John Sampson Toll, at his Inauguration. Photo by Gibson Anthony.

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# THE REPORTER

## Washington College Celebrates The Inauguration Of John Toll As Twenty-Fifth President

Gray skies and cool breezes did little to dampen the enthusiasm of hundreds of well-wishers at the inauguration of Dr. John S. Toll as the twenty-fifth president of Washington College. Platform guests lauded him as a compassionate man of great tenacity and optimism; friends and colleagues displayed an obvious affection for the person chosen to lead Washington College into the 21st century.

Louis L. Goldstein '35, chairman of the Board of Visitors and Governors, called John S. Toll a man of leadership and vision — "the right man at the right time" — who will advance Washington College on the path of excellence.

In his inaugural address, Dr. Toll outlined what he called the "essential ingredients" for an outstanding education: a safe environment conducive to learning, a faculty and staff committed to an interactive mode of teaching; a finely-tuned curriculum that challenges students to engage in learning and to apply their knowledge; and technologically advanced learning resources that permit a small college to have access to a world of information.

"This is a unique institution," Toll said. "General George Washington, the Rev. William Smith and their colleagues joined to form Washington College while the Revolutionary War

fervently wanted a new institution to educate leaders and responsible citizens for the new democracy.... Nine older institutions all had their origins in the colonial period. Washington

College's special historical importance is that, among the surviving colleges and universities to begin in the new nation, it was the first! Our goal is to assure that it becomes widely recognized also as the first in the quality of its educational program."

Toll said that Washington College can, and should, play a key role in answering the many challenges facing our nation today. In this age of instantaneous communications and complex global issues, the key still lies in education.

"We cannot expect to teach our students all they will need, but

a broad foundation in the liberal arts and sciences can prepare them to think independently and to achieve a balanced appreciation of the changing contours of human knowledge. They will be verbally and mathematically literate, able to untie the knot of complex problems, well versed in how to express themselves effectively, and

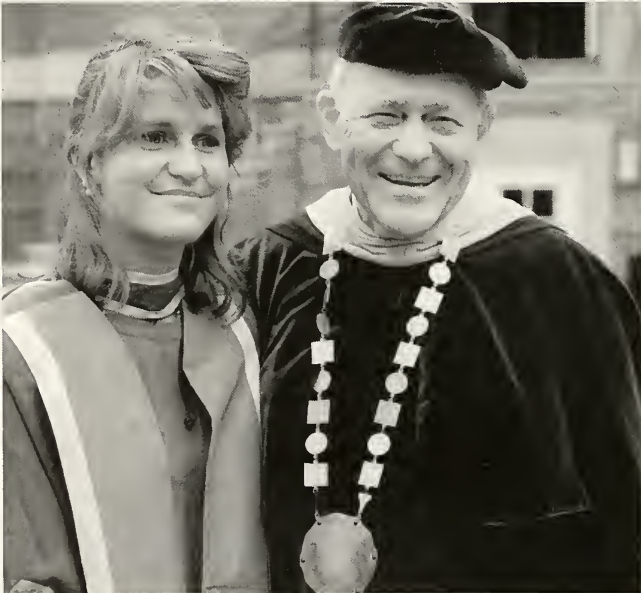


PHOTO: CHRIS TYREE FOR THE STAR-DEMOCRAT

*President and proud father, John Toll, greets daughter, Dacia, who led the inaugural procession as the delegate from Oxford University.*

was still winding down in 1782. They recognized the importance of education as the seedbed for freedom. They



Platform guests: (1st row) Shirley Strum Kenny, President Toll, Earl Richardson, Rosemarie Nassif; (2nd) Louis L. Goldstein, Patricia Florestano, Charles H. Trout; (3rd) Edward M. Athey '67, Vincent Hynson '87, Emilie Amt, Edward L. Athey '47; (4th) Joachim Scholz, Nathan Smith, and Elizabeth Likens '96.

knowledgeable about how to acquire information. Most of all, we want to give our students a love of learning, a continual curiosity, and a commitment to service for others."

Dr. Toll served most recently (1989-1994) as President of the Universities Research Association, a consortium of 80 major research universities that manages international research facilities in high energy physics. From 1978 through 1989, he was President of the University of Maryland and the University of Maryland System's first Chancellor. From 1965 through 1978, Dr. Toll was a professor of physics and the first president at the State University of New York at Stony Brook. He spent most of his teaching career at the University of Maryland, where he served as professor and chair of physics and astronomy from 1953 until 1965. Dr. Toll is a graduate of Yale

University and holds a master's degree and doctorate from Princeton University.

"What kind of president will I be?" Toll asked. "I won't meet all your aspirations, but I will do my best to be responsible and responsive, open and accessible. I will set aside several hours per week when any student may drop by to meet with me. I will always submit a balanced budget. I will work to increase salaries for outstanding faculty and staff, to improve curricula, libraries and laboratories. I will see that we build Daly Hall and renovate William

Smith Hall and residence halls to be excellent living-learning facilities.

"I have never been a very good fly fisherman, but I will work with the Board to find lures that will

bring additional support to Washington College, even exceeding the record we achieved last year of over \$6 million in private giving. I will work to increase cooperation with other insti-

Allan Young, the inaugural delegate from the University of Aberdeen, congratulates WC's new first lady, Debby Toll.

tutions and to find ways to use our intellectual and artistic resources even more effectively. In short, I will do what I can with you to improve the quality of education at Washington College."

The inaugural platform was filled with colleagues from Dr. Toll's accomplished career. Patricia Florestano, Maryland's Secretary of Higher Education, Shirley Strum Kenny, President of the State University of New York at Stony Brook, and Earl Richardson, President of Morgan State University, were among those paying tribute to his leadership abilities.

"Beyond my official duties," said Florestano, "this gives me the opportunity to offer my personal best wishes to a dear friend and to tell the Washington College community how fortunate you are to have John Toll as your president. Higher education at its best stands for tolerance, respect for learning, openness to ideas, belief in tradition, and commitment to progress and growth. In the six years I worked with John Toll at the University of Maryland, those qualities were on display every day.

"As we all know, it's not easy being a college president. It requires energy, intelligence, quick wit and vision. It requires a thick skin. Above all else, it requires leadership. Without those qualities in its president, an institution of higher education faces an uncertain future. With this president, Washing-



ton College faces a bright future."

SUNY Stony Brook President Kenny brought greetings from the academic community. "I can name no one in America whose creativity, energy and commitment has made as great a difference in higher education as President Toll," she said. "He created one of the greatest departments of physics at the University of Maryland, then he created one of then greatest research universities in the nation — the State University of New York at Stony Brook — then he returned to Maryland to make the whole system eminent. Now he will work his magic at Washington College. You are indeed blessed to have him here, as I was blessed to have worked with him, to become president of an institution he created, and to have learned more from him than I can say. Congratulations, WC, on a splendid future."

Dr. Earl Richardson, president of Morgan State University, brought greetings from Maryland educators and characterized Toll's management

*"I will work to increase cooperation with other institutions and to find ways to use our intellectual and artistic resources even more effectively."*

style. "If you have not already, you will grow accustomed to the thumping of footsteps as he jogs down the hall to his office. You will receive scribbled notes suggesting you contact everyone from the president of General Motors to the State Governor. You will grow accustomed to seeing the lights in the administration building burning late in the evening. And you will learn of his eternal optimism."

Edward M. Athey, president of the Alumni Association, spoke on behalf of WC alumni. "There is absolutely no doubt that President Toll can lead. Any of us who have watched him over the last several months can attest to that fact. I am here to let him know that we are ready to follow."

Liz Likens, president of the Student Government Association, presented Dr. Toll with a gift from the student body. "Since Dr. Toll's arrival," she said, "the atmosphere at Washington College is exuberant. He has challenged the entire Washington College community to

strive for excellence and promote Washington College as the best college in the nation."

Nate Smith, professor of history, welcomed Dr. Toll on behalf of the Washington College faculty. "The force that unites the faculty is its shared commitment to the College's mission, its appreciation of the special opportunities offered within it for career fulfillment and the joys of helping young people mature intellectually," he said.

"Dr. Toll's agenda for the College strikes us as properly supportive of this sustaining mission and precisely germane to its current needs, namely: make academic programs more coherent and more attractive to prospective students; improve facilities and operating procedures; widen the audience that is aware of the exceptional educational environment that exists here; balance the budget by prudent means. Most encouraging of all, Dr. Toll favors bold measures to enlarge very substantially, at long last, the far-too-slender endowment foundation that undergirds our impressive superstructure. His program achieved, the College will grow naturally, from a position of strength and stability. Around this vision, and these tactics, the faculty can unite with great enthusiasm."

## Toll Announces New Scholarship Program At Inauguration

To help families of academically talented high school students cope with the cost of private higher education, Washington College has created a program offering automatic scholarship awards of up to \$40,000 over four years to all accepted applicants who are members of their high school's National Honor Society (NHS) chapter.

Announcing the scholarship program during his inaugural address, President John S. Toll said the College will begin awarding the new National Honor Society scholarships to students who enroll next fall.

"The National Honor Society and its sponsoring organization, the National Association of Secondary

School Principals, are proud of Washington College for taking the bold step to establish a new scholarship program for NHS members," said Rocco Marano, NHS national secretary. "It is our hope that this idea will spread to many other post-secondary educational institutions in support of the outstanding students who are part of NHS."

NHS members who are admitted to Washington College will automatically be designated "Washington Scholars" and will receive \$10,000 annual scholarship awards, renewable each year for four years of study. The grants are awarded without regard to financial need. Grants will be renewed each year provided that the student remains enrolled full-time and achieves a grade point average of 3.00 or higher. National Honor Society members who demonstrate financial need beyond the \$10,000 annual grant will be eligible for additional financial aid.

"Each year Washington College is

enriched by an influx of National Honor Society members into our student body," said President John Toll. "But in working with these students, we have learned that the cost of an excellent liberal arts education such as that offered by Washington College is daunting for many families. The availability of grants, even for exemplary students, is limited. Sadly, students who would thrive in our academic setting are discouraged from even applying. Therefore, we are responding with this new program for National Honor Society members."

Funds to support the National Honor Society scholars program will be drawn from income derived from the College's endowment and through the College's annual fundraising efforts.

Information about the National Honor Society Scholarships is available by calling 1-800-422-1782, ext. 7700.



Douglass Cater, Washington College's president from 1982 through 1990, died on Friday, September 15th, after a long illness. The former journalist and author who once served as special assistant to President Lyndon Johnson, was visiting the College with his wife, Libby, when he lost a long battle with pulmonary fibrosis. He was 72.

"It is fitting that he spent his last days here on our campus, working right to the end for the good of Washington College, where he felt very much at home among beloved family members, friends and colleagues," President John Toll said in announcing the news of Mr. Cater's passing to the College community.

"Douglass Cater will be remembered forever by those who love this College as the man who brought us into a higher orbit through tireless work to increase endowment, enrollment, scholarships, academic standards, faculty enhancements and facilities. His Campaign For Excellence was the most successful fundraising effort in the history of the College, bringing in more than \$43 million dollars. Though he worked hard to revitalize our campus with facilities like the Casey Academic Center and the Lifetime Fitness Center, I know he was particularly proud of the academic initiatives that he brought us, such as the Honors Program, the academic computing program, the Goldstein Program in Public Affairs, the McLain Program in Environmental Sciences and the Society of Junior Fellows."

Prior to accepting the presidency at Washington College, Mr. Cater had a long and distinguished career as an editor, policy adviser, author and political analyst. He served as Washington Editor and later National Editor of *The Reporter Magazine* from 1950 until 1964 when Lyndon Johnson asked him to join the White House staff. As President Johnson's special assistant, Mr. Cater worked on initiatives leading to groundbreaking education legislation and the establishment of the Public

Broadcasting Corporation.

Upon learning of Mr. Cater's death, Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson said, "There will be a lonely place in my heart with Doug gone. He was a part of one of the most vigorous and productive periods in Lyndon's and my life. I so admired Doug and his talented way with words and ideas. I've been just as proud of his later accomplishments—especially his work with Washington College where I visited him and Libby one summer. Doug was a dear man and many of us will miss him."

In 1970, Mr. Cater began a long asso-

ciation with the complexities of big government," and the first Harris Foundation Award for "outstanding leadership on behalf of public television." He was a charter member of the Paideia Project, chaired by Mortimer Adler, to examine the organizing principles for general education in America and was also a member of the Board of Editors of *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

The son of Silas Douglass Cater, Sr. and Nancy Chesnut Cater, Mr. Cater was born in Montgomery Alabama, where he was living at the

time of his death. He attended Phillips-Exeter Academy and received an A.B. degree from Harvard College and an M.P.A. from Harvard School of Public Administration. He also held honorary doctorates and appointments from numerous universities.

At memorial services on campus and in Washington, DC, Douglass Cater was eulogized by Poet Richard Wilbur, noted historian David McCullough, former LBJ adviser Harry McPerson, Washington College trustees Louis L. Goldstein and Alonzo G. Decker, Jr., former trustee and alumna Mrs. Eugene Casey '47, Professor Robert

Day (see page 32) and President Toll.

"We will remember Douglass Cater as the ardent champion of an 'endangered species,' the small liberal arts college," President Toll said. "His portrait rightly holds a key place in Washington College's Casey Academic Center, where it will continue to inspire us to strive for excellence in intellectual endeavor and service to humanity."

Mr. Cater is survived by his wife, Libby Anderson Cater, four children, Silas Douglass Cater III, Rebecca Sage Cater, Libby Morrow Cater Scheer, Benjamin Winston Cater, four grandchildren, and a brother, William B. Cater.

Washington College has established a Cater Fund within the Society of Junior Fellows endowment for gifts in memory of President Cater.



PHOTO: CONSTANCE STUART LARRABEE

## IN MEMORIAM DOUGLASS CATER 1923-1995

ciation with the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies. As a Founding Fellow, Senior Fellow, member of the Program Council and Trustee of the Institute, Mr. Cater initiated their Program on Communications and served as a principal planner in designing the Institute's Center for Governance at Wye Plantation. In the late 1970s and early '80s, Mr. Cater spent three years as vice chairman of the *Observer*, England's oldest weekly newspaper.

Mr. Cater wrote prolifically throughout his life about issues of governance, communications and education.

He received the Polk Memorial Award for writing which "brings clar-

## Starr Foundation Awards \$350,000 For International Programming

The Starr Foundation of New York has awarded to Washington College \$350,000 to bring new global dimensions to the curriculum, including cross-cultural courses, enhanced foreign language study, and international programming in the sophomore year.

"I am delighted that the Starr Foundation has supported our efforts to broaden our curriculum in this way," said President John S. Toll. "This funding will help our students to be well-prepared to meet the demands of an increasingly global society."

A task force made up of Washington College faculty, students, and administrators recently examined the first and second-year experience and devised a new curriculum that would help students make connections to an expanding world through a series of courses focusing in turn on the Chesapeake Bay region, the American experience, and Global Perspectives, including Western and non-Western topics.

"International programming will be the central focus of the new sophomore year curriculum," says President John S. Toll. "We hope to encourage each Washington College student to engage in foreign travel and study in order to learn first-hand about the diversity of our increasingly interdependent world."

## Shriver Field Is Dedicated

Thanks to the initiative of two former athletes, a new women's athletic field, The Eleanor Ringgold and Samuel H. Shriver Memorial Field, was dedicated in late October. The field is named in honor of the grandparents of Eleanor Shriver '93. Among those on hand for the ceremonies were Donna White Bauer '91 (back row, sixth from left), an athletic standout whose recognition as NCAA Woman of the Year provided the seed money for the project, and several members of the Shriver family, including Eleanor (back row, fourth from left), and her sister, tennis pro Pam Shriver (left foreground).

During the Global Perspectives seminar in the sophomore year, students will take an interdisciplinary approach to international issues. Topics may include economic development, the environment, religion, arts, business, international relations, literature, life and culture, to name a few. Students will apply the research and classroom connections to their international experiences, and experiential learning will extend students' understanding.

Over the next three years, the Starr Foundation grant will support faculty research and course development as well as various equipment needs, including upgrading the language laboratory and outfitting a new international studies classroom with advanced technology.

## Planned Gift Benefits Scholarships

Washington College recently received a bequest in the amount of \$383,218 from the estate of an Eastern Shore woman that perpetuates the memory of her family with a scholarship fund.

Bertha McGrath Lewis, of Wicomico County, died on March 29, 1994, leaving one-third of her estate to Washington College. She was 95. Mrs. Lewis, who never attended college, made provisions in her will to endow a scholarship fund at Washington College in memory of her late husband, Ellett A. Lewis, herself, and her late sister, Ida

C. McGrath '07. The Lewis-McGrath Scholarship provides for full or partial academic scholarships to applicants who are residents of the Eastern Shore of Maryland or Virginia.

Mrs. Lewis, a member of an old Eastern Shore family, and her husband were longtime residents of Salisbury, MD. The couple had no children.

"Mrs. Lewis's generosity will have a lasting impact at Washington College," says Martin Williams, Vice President for Development and College Relations. "Their memory will live on."

## WC Uses Internet As Teaching Tool

Since Washington College established a direct link to the Internet two years ago, students and faculty have been exploring new avenues of learning. Electronic bulletin boards, user groups, Home Pages on the World Wide Web, databases at the nation's premier research laboratories, three-dimensional graphics, and instant communication with colleagues around the globe have become the norm in the quest for information.

This fall, a Washington College professor is taking the high tech tool one step further, with the Internet providing a critical component of a new international economic development course. Appropriately enough, the course uses as one of its texts Paul Kennedy's book, *Preparing for the Twenty-First Century*.

Davy McCall, formerly an interna-





tional economist and professor of economics at Washington College, has come out of retirement to teach this new course that is organized by a professor at the University of Wisconsin at Green Bay, operated by a professor at the University of California at Sacramento, and evaluated by a professor at the University of California at Santa Barbara. Students at participating institutions in the United States and at universities abroad in Moscow, Chile, Bangkok, and Georgia, among others, will read the same assigned texts, attend class with a resident instructor, and participate in an electronic discussion group. Washington College is the only participating private liberal arts college.

The course, entitled Economic Development (Econ 218), teaches the concepts and basic theory of economic development while discussing the challenges facing the world of the 21st century, including greenhouse gas emissions, industrial robotics, multinational corporations, demographic explosions, the biotechnical revolution, and environmental issues. Students will consider how several nations — both developing and developed — are responding to these challenges.

"The format of this course enables Washington College students to have person-to-person dialogue with students from around the world," says Professor McCall. "The Internet aspect of the course brings our students into a global community of students who undoubtedly will have diverse views on the economic issues facing us in the 21st century. It's really quite exciting."

This course is being organized in preparation for the 1996 Conference of the International Association of University Presidents (IAUP) to demonstrate to university presidents the feasibility of using electronic networks to link university teaching.

## WC's Damian Polla Dominates Rolex Tourney

Washington College tennis phenomenon Damian Polla (Bahia Blanca, Argentina) continued to dominate Division III tennis foes at the South Atlantic Regional Rolex Intercollegiate Championships held at Washington & Lee University in September.



Damian Polla '98

The sophomore steamrolled the competition, winning five singles matches all in straight sets, and no opposing player was able to win in any set more than three games from Polla at the tournament. Eleven schools competed in the three-day Intercollegiate Tennis Association (ITA)-sponsored event.

Polla, the reigning NCAA Division III Singles champion and Rolex Division III Player of the Year, defeated Don Neagle of Salisbury State, 6-3, 6-3, in the finals after victimizing Reid Wenger of Lynchburg in the semifinals. "There were plenty of players gunning for Damian because they all wanted a crack at last year's champion," stated interim head coach Eric Seltenrich. "He maintained his concentration and worked hard. He dominated the competition."

Polla advanced to the Rolex National Small College tournament held in Boca Raton, Florida, October 20-22. The Rolex National Small College Championships feature men's and women's singles and doubles tournaments in each of the ITA's four small college divisions on the first two days of competition. Polla was defeated in the finals of the Division III championship by Josh Vining of UC-Santa Cruz, 7-5, 6-2. Vining was the third-ranked player in Division III a year ago behind Polla and Robin Sander (Baden-Baden, Germany).

Polla also teamed with senior Michael Kember (Auckland, New Zealand) to win the doubles competition in South Atlantic regional competition. The duo raced through the

bracket, defeating Petteri Lehtinen and Stephan Siebenbrunner of Averett College, 6-3, 7-5, in the finals. At the Boca Raton tournament, the doubles combo fell in a tight match to the UC-Santa Cruz team of Josh Vining and Bryan Shapiro, 7-5, 4-6, 7-5.

Last spring Polla defeated WC teammate Robin Sander for the NCAA Division III Singles title. Sander won the NCAA title and was the Rolex Division III Player of the Year as a freshman in 1994. He and Polla helped lead Washington College to the NCAA Division III tennis crown in 1994 and a second place finish last season.

## Optimists Help Fund WC's Volunteer Tutoring Program

The Chestertown Optimists Club has awarded \$1,000 to a Washington College student volunteer organization aimed at helping local schoolchildren succeed.

Target Tutoring pairs Washington College students with middle schoolers who are having academic difficulties. This year, the college organization also is operating in conjunction with Wings to the Future, a state-funded program that also matches college students with academically troubled youngsters. Now, Target Tutoring has tutors working with students from Centreville Middle School as well as Chestertown Middle School.

Approximately 25-30 Washington College students volunteer with Target Tutoring.

Rachel Scholz, a lecturer in the college's education program, encouraged two of the Washington College students heading up the volunteer program — Amanda Kirby '96 and Amanda Barnes '96, both student-teachers — to approach the Optimists for funding. Not only did the Optimists come through with a substantial grant, says Kirby, who is student-teaching at Kent County High School, the group indicated they hoped to help out in future years.

Student organizers intend to use the \$1,000 grant from the Optimists to purchase two refurbished computers for schoolchildren to use in the Target Tutoring Learning Center in Wicomico Hall. The computers will give the youngsters a chance to try out some

educational software and explore the Internet.

"I'm almost sorry I'm not going to be around next year," says Kirby. "Target Tutoring, now in its fifth year, is really off and running. With the support of the Optimists and our participation in Wings to the Future, we're developing a relationship with the community as well as with the schools. I'd like to see the program become even more focused on the academic success of the children."

According to a study completed a few years ago, says Kirby, Target Tutoring is working. "The improvements we see are better test scores,

completed homework assignments, and improved self-esteem. The grant has validated our efforts."

Kirby and Barnes work with other student coordinators — Allyson Moore '98, Penny Chaney '96, Pete Torigoe '98, and James Slone '96 to keep the program running smoothly. The group also works closely with Dee Newman '69, the librarian at Chestertown Middle School who serves as one of the coordinators for summer component of Wings to the Future. Target Tutoring also receives funding from the Student Government Association and the University of Maryland Eastern Shore.

## Student Puts College On Hold To Help Refugees

Tina Balin '96, a pre-law French and psychology major, took her summer job to heart. So much so that she took an extended leave of absence from school to see it through.

Her job? Counseling Haitian and Cuban refugees, establishing camps for children separated from their parents, and mediating disputes between Haitian and Cuban refugees waiting out American policymaking in

## New Adventure Provides Learning Experience for Freshmen

by Janet Ely '99

What do you get when you mix 17 soon-to-be Washington College students, two peer advisors, one librarian, five Echo Hill staffers, three boats, a zip-line, a human-sized spider web, day-glo jellyfish, and a "lovable loo"? You get a quality-learning, friendship-building, knowledge gaining experience otherwise known as "Quicksilver."

For me, leaving Towson, MD, for college was, at first, comparable to impending doom. My best friend lives there, my family, my closest relatives, my memories. So, when I first heard about the pre-orientation program available to incoming freshmen at Washington College, I was a bit skeptical. I was a little uncomfortable with the coming school year to begin with and didn't want to leave home any sooner than necessary. After a while, however, the idea became more and more appealing. I was aware that college was a drastic adjustment from high school and that many of my lasting friendships and memories would be founded at Washington College. Looking to get a head start on the rest of the freshman class and learn about the area at the same time, I applied for the trip that interested me most, "Quicksilver."

For me, it was the sailing that captured my interest. The thought of spending a day sailing leisurely about the rivers of the Eastern Shore was quite calming. I anticipated that it might relieve me of the stress of packing up my entire life and trying to make it fit in the trunk of my father's car. However, as I arrived at the foot of High Street, I came to the realization that this trip was going to be far from relaxing. This thought was confirmed when we met our first new friend, "Lovable Louie" — the toilet — a bucket with a seat. I must say, the expressions on my future classmates' faces were priceless!

The portion of our adventure which was spent on the boats was definitely hard work. We were called upon to perform such tasks as raising the sails on the skipjack, piloting the buy boat, tonging for oysters, fishing, cooking, cleaning and much more. The knowledge we gained about the region was achieved through human interaction and hands-on experience which proved invaluable in our enjoyment.

Among the interesting bits of fact that the freshmen picked up on the voyage through the Chesapeake Bay were some of the strange and unusual sort. For instance, bioluminescence, a chemical reaction in comb jellyfish, makes them glow green in agitated water. We also did a little bit of soul-searching and bravado-displaying during the portion of the trip spent at Echo Hill. We learned the "trust fall," an exercise in which a volunteer must fall into the arms of his classmates, and were even prompted to explain our personal goal for the year before we

did so.

The final, most challenging adventure in which "Quicksilver" participants engaged was the zip-line. In order to accomplish this activity, we had to scale a tree and fly down a wire while secured by a belay held by a member of the Echo Hill staff. Many of the new students were wary of this climb and I must admit that I was one who chickened out, but there was plenty to do on the ground to get the braver freshmen down from the sky. The supervisors taught us phrases to say to make certain that we were prepared for each step of our progression. Many students found the zip-line so exhilarating that they went again and again, some even blindfolded.

When we returned to campus, reality began to set in. Those of us who were housed in my dorm visited with each other for a while, long enough to decide that despite the tough routine and the "lovable loo," we would do it all again in a minute. I remembered some of the things that I had learned on the "Quicksilver" adventure. The security phrases that were exchanged throughout the final challenge still come to my mind when I think about the school year ahead. Now that we have graduated from high school and are beginning a new phase in our lives, the belay is on, we are prepared to climb, and now we are flying.

*Janet Ely '99 is the daughter of Chris '70 and the late Priscilla Valliant Ely '70. She plans to major in English and pursue a career in journalism.*





Tina Balin '96

Guantanamo Bay.

When Balin '96 applied for a government job last summer, she was assigned to the U.S. Department of Justice's Community Relations Service, an agency responsible for working with the Immigration and Naturalization Service on refugee matters. Balin speaks Creole and her mother, a former program specialist with the international relief agency, Catholic Relief Services, recommended her for the job that would take her to Guantanamo, site of a U.S. Naval Station, where she worked with Haitian refugees.

On August 22, 1994, when Fidel Castro opened the Cuban floodgates allowing thousands to flee, she was one of the few American officials able to communicate in Spanish the official messages from U.S. Attorney General Janet Reno and the State Department, telling the refugees they would not be

entering the United States.

Beneath the lofty language of American diplomacy were dozens of heartbreaking stories of political torture, desperate getaways, and tragic deaths at sea — stories that Tina Balin heard again and again. Haitian children whose parents were killed by the military. Three hundred Haitians thrown overboard to prevent overcrowded boats from capsizing — a drastic measure to save the children. Cuban children traveling with strangers who abused them.

For the protection of so many children traveling without family members, Balin was put in charge of establishing a program for unaccompanied minors among Cuban refugees, and three months later, of establishing a minors camp to protect Haitian children during their involuntary repatriation.

"I was the first American person each of 35,000 Cuban refugees saw," says Balin. "Ships began coming in on August 22 at 2 am, and kept coming for six weeks straight."

She worked 12- and 14-hour days, seven days a week, counseling and processing refugees. While the INS made the final decision, it was she who prepared the flight manifests, and determined who was going to get into the United States, and when. She accompanied the first two Cubans allowed into the United States — two minors aged 14 and 4 — to Miami.

Some refugees were granted admission, but hundreds were turned back. "Involuntary repatriation of Haitian refugees was the worst thing I ever

saw," says Balin. "The kids suffered the most."

She takes comfort in the fact that she helped so many families successfully immigrate to the United States. "There were two flights, on June 26 and June 30. Seeing those Haitians get on each flight, I felt my job was done."

Balin's father is Haitian and she still has family in Haiti. She has been following closely the political situation there, but has never visited. She will be going for the first time this December.

"As stressful as it was, and as many tears as I shed, I enjoyed my job. It was rewarding working with those people — my people. In Haiti, the different social classes don't mix. I would never have met them had we not been thrown together at Guantanamo Bay. Through their eyes, I saw a different aspect of Haiti. That was an awakening."

Now back at college, Balin will be graduating on time — she earned credit in psychology for her counseling work — and intends to earn a law degree and practice international or immigration law.

## Students Learn Lessons Abroad

Washington College's Society of Junior Fellows program sent several students abroad last year for independent research projects, including Erika Wilson '96, an English major interested in addicts and addictions,

## "To Your Health"

Congressman Wayne T. Gilchrest (left) and President John S. Toll toasted one another's good health during a milking contest held in conjunction with Relay for Life, a fundraiser for the American Cancer Society held on campus in late September. Gilchrest apparently had the edge in working with Caw-Croft Perfection Miles, the cow owned by Roy and Sue Crow of Kennedyville. Chris Ely '70 served as spokesman and dozens of Washington College students volunteered during the weekend event, which raised \$45,000 in Kent County.





and Brian Tipton '96, an economics major who studied Ghana's fishing industry.

Erika Wilson '96 traveled to Israel over the summer to determine how non-Christians use 12-step recovery programs, such as Alcoholics Anonymous, that are founded by Christians.

"I had a theory that even though AA claims to be based on principles common to all faiths, that people of Jewish or Muslim faiths would find it difficult to follow. I was proven wrong," she says.

The only Christian among a group of 16 volunteers living on a kibbutz, she attended meetings of Alcoholics Anonymous, Narcotics Anonymous, and Overeaters Anonymous, and asked people in the programs whether they had to make adaptations for their faith and how they used the literature, which includes Christian prayers.

"The general response was that the program asks only that you find God," says Wilson. "Recovering addicts of all faiths use what they feel comfortable with. One man felt he could use parts of all religions and said that AA awakened his own spirituality."

Brian Tipton, an economics major headed for law school, had some preconceived notions shattered on his trip to Ghana, also. "I wanted to go somewhere different where people spoke English. I thought Ghana would be fairly easy, but it took me a while to adjust to the temperature and the food,



PHOTO: GIBSON ANTHONY

Erika Wilson '96

let alone the dialects and the change of pace," he says, wryly recounting how the fellow who was to meet him at the airport showed up at his doorstep three weeks later. Tipton found his own way to the University of Cape Coast, where he took four classes — two economics classes, sociology of South African society, and a regional history course. Meanwhile, he embarked on his research project.

"Originally I thought I'd do a research project on the general impact of World Bank and IMF policies on the Ghanaian economy. But when I got there, it was difficult to travel and there was a lot of red tape. From my first day there, I was intrigued by the canoe fishing industry. Fishermen would paddle through the ocean waves to set their gigantic nets, and then as many as 25 people would haul them ashore. One day I asked if I could help them pull the net. It took about four hours, and those who helped were paid in fish."

Tipton talked with local fishermen in the port of Amina, gathering information regarding how the canoe fishing industry is surviving Ghana's economic structural adjustment. In exchange for international development funds, Ghana is liberalizing its economic policies. Since the government lifted fuel subsidies

in 1994 — in an effort to privatize trade — gasoline prices have skyrocketed. The question, Tipton says, is whether the canoe fishing industry can survive. While it is a primitively operated industry, it provides 70 to 80% of the domestic market for fish.

"Aside from the economic lessons, this experience taught me to accept and be patient with people of different cultures," says Tipton. "Instead of getting angry or frustrated when people didn't keep appointments or show up on time, I learned to slow myself down. The only drawback is, my American professors didn't understand the Ghanaian concept of time. I had to speed up when I got back to the States."

## WC Student Meets U.S. Secretary of Education

André Taylor, a senior political science major at Washington College, recently spread the word in Washington, DC, about student reaction to President John Toll's inauguration. For a meeting with the U.S. Secretary of Education, he took along a little memento from Chestertown.

With the nation's capital as a backdrop, Education Secretary Richard W. Riley congratulated Taylor on his work as a volunteer reading tutor this past summer. Taylor, in turn, presented him with a "Rock and Roll for Toll" T-shirt that was created to celebrate Dr. Toll's inauguration.

Taylor came to Riley's attention as a volunteer with the highly successful reading readiness project for 5- and 6-year-olds sponsored by the Kiwanis Club of Capitol Hill in Washington, DC. Program volunteers used educational materials from the Department of Education's Read\*Write\*Now program and books donated by Reading Is Fundamental.

In addition to his personal meeting with the Secretary of Education, Taylor also was recognized at the August meeting of the Department of Education's Reading Partnership.

Taylor explains why he volunteers

(Opposite, right) André Taylor '96 shares some WC spirit with U.S. Secretary of Education Richard W. Riley.



PHOTO: DIMITRI FOTOS

Brian Tipton '96

as a reading tutor: "If I don't lend a helping hand, who will? Each time someone has reached out a hand to me, I've benefited. This is one way I can give something back."

## Shoremén Soccer Sets New Record for Victories

The Washington College men's soccer team finished its best season in 16 years, ending the 1995 season with a 2-0 triumph over visiting Centennial Conference rival Western Maryland. The Sho'mén closed the season with a 12-6-1 record, setting a new Washington College regular-season mark for victories, and equaling the WC record for total wins in a soccer season. WC posted a 12-6-2 mark in 1979 after playing in a post-season tournament.

The Sho'mén finished 5 and 4 in the Centennial Conference and broke the top-ten charts in the region, earning a No. 7 in the Mid-Atlantic Region rankings. It was the first time that Washington College had been ranked since the regional ranking began in the early 1980s.

Of Washington's six losses, five came to teams participating in post-season play. Muhlenberg, Gettysburg, and Plymouth State were all selected to the NCAA Tournament. Johns Hopkins will play in the ECAC playoffs, while Ferrum was chosen to play in a Virginia state tournament.

Washington College junior midfielder Andrew King (Aiken, SC/Salisbury School, CT) led the offense this season, producing seven goals and nine assists for the Sho'mén. Freshman phenomenon Chuck Mullen (West Chester, PA/Salesianum, DE) also recorded nine assists to go along with his five goals. The nine assists for King and Mullen are the most assists in a single season for a Washington College soccer player since Don Miller registered 10 assists for the Sho'mén in 1959.

King has quietly become the Sho'mén's top scorer in 1995. He has accumulated the most points in a season (23) for a WC soccer player in six years. The last player to surpass 20 points was All-MAC standout Mike Bishop with 38 points in '89. King has raised his three-year career totals to 16 goals and 17 assists for 49 points.

Capping the season, Washington College had three players named to the All-Centennial Team. Headlining the list was senior sweeper Chip Helm (Port Deposit, MD/Perryville). Helm capped an outstanding season with first-team All-Centennial honors. A



*Chris Daily (right) takes possession of the ball in soccer action against Johns Hopkins.*

second-team choice a year ago, Helm scored one goal and also assisted one score. Helm was the key to a Washington defense that posted nine shutouts with two rookie goalkeepers in the nets. Second-team selection Andrew King was the Sho'mén's leading scorer with four goals and two assists in Centennial action. Rounding out the list of honorees was freshman goalkeeper Travis Beauchamp (Richmond, VA/Christchurch). Beauchamp, an Honorable Mention choice, allowed just seven goals in eight Centennial appearances to record 3.5 CC shutouts.



## WC Slates Renovation of William Smith Hall

Washington College recently received \$150,000 towards the renovation of the oldest classroom building on campus, William Smith Hall.

The Jacob and Annita France Foundation and the Robert G. and Anne M. Merrick Foundation, both of Baltimore, MD, jointly have awarded \$100,000. Another \$25,000 came from the George I. Alden Trust of Worcester, Massachusetts. The William G. Baker, Jr. Memorial Fund of



Baltimore, Maryland, also awarded \$25,000 for the project.

William Smith Hall is slated for renovation following the construction of Daly Hall, a 12,500 square foot building of classrooms and faculty offices adjacent to the Gibson Performing Arts Center. Daly Hall, under construction now, is expected to be completed by Spring 1997.

"I am delighted that these foundations are supporting our efforts to preserve and enhance our most treasured campus landmark," commented John S. Toll, president of the College.

"Known and loved by generations of Washington College students who attended classes there, William Smith Hall will be carefully restored and renovated to meet the demands of modern teaching."

The renovated William Smith Hall will house faculty offices and classrooms and lecture spaces with multimedia display systems. In addition to structural renovations, the old building also will benefit from mechanical upgrades to provide sufficient electrical power and access to the campus communications network; modern heating, ventilation and air-conditioning systems, and access for physically challenged students, teachers, and visitors.

The project cost is estimated at \$2.8 million.



William Smith Hall, rebuilt in 1918 after fire destroyed its predecessor, has been the central focus point of campus and served as a backdrop to three Presidential visits.

The impertinence of age is a burden shared by all. The bitter-sweet implications of moving through life are more often felt than understood, and the process of realizing our own human condition is not orderly. As my daughters made their way through high school, I found myself drawn into the middle of a maelstrom that whirled me out of my sense of order and into a confrontation with the dark center of generational differences. Living in a household with a wife, two teen-aged daughters, and a female dog I believed made me sensitive to some of the more important issues of the late twentieth century. I was wrong. Music and its attendant culture, I discovered, is the fault line running between enlightenment and despair.

It was toward the end of the summer before my elder daughter Erin's senior year in high school that I first heard about Phish. With absolute sincerity she instructed me about the cleverness of the music and the transport of feeling the music created. Music, especially alternative rock, had been a topic of conversation all summer between Erin and her younger sister, Courtney. As they talked about Nirvana and Pearl Jam, I listened to them but truly did not understand what they heard in the music. With all the zeal I could muster I listened intently to their CDs, but the best I could do was a wan smile and nod of my head.

I think this upset them. They were trying to teach me what they felt I needed to know to understand them and they were failing. As a parent, I sensed my own inability to appreciate what they valued so much, and I thought that we would just grow further and further apart. Years from then I would look back to this time and realize that I could have had a better relationship with my children if I only appreciated Nirvana! When they began playing the Grateful Dead in the hope that they could share a common bond in music with me, I sensed doom. How could I tell them that I lived through the late sixties and seventies without being galvanized by Jerry Garcia?

While the sixties were rocking, rolling, twisting and shouting, I

lived in a world bounded by literature, too many part-time jobs, and American Standard music. It was not that I was unaware of rock and roll, but it seemed a throwback compared to what I felt was the comparative sophistication of the American Standards. I enjoyed listening to the music of the

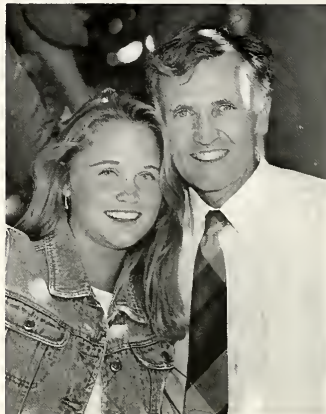


PHOTO: DIMITRI FOTOS

## Coming of Age in the '90s

by Professor Richard Gillin

1940s: Glenn Miller, Tommy Dorsey, Harry James, Count Basie, and Artie Shaw, as well as endless variations on the works of Cole Porter, Irving Berlin, and Rogers and Hart.

With all attempts to bring me to a more enlightened understanding of today's alternative rock at a standstill, Erin said that the incomparable Phish was performing at George Mason University. At the last minute one of her friends decided not to go; therefore she offered a ticket to Courtney. I froze. If Erin traveled by herself she risked automobile accidents, carjacking, assault, kidnapping, and every other horror in the repertoire of parents' fears. If her sister accompanied her the anxiety factor squared. My wife said that neither Erin nor Courtney was going through Washington by themselves, period.

Mount St. Helen in its most active phase was more subtle than the reaction from the girls. "Phish was life, art, expression, freedom, culture, and essential for fulfillment!" they roared. I capitulated, suggesting that we con-



sider the value that going to the concert might have in terms of responsibility. As Erin picked up the car keys, my wife moved to a small chair, shaking her head as she searched the ceiling, and Erin said: "Once I get to Dover where do I turn for Washington?"

It was as if I had been punched in the solar plexus. The breath went out of my lungs and my knees buckled. With the keys still dangling in front of her, I grabbed them like a man reaching for salvation and said, "I'll drive and use the extra ticket."

"OOOH, NO!" fired back Erin. "You can't possibly be serious," she added. "I don't want to be seen with you, of all people!"

Striving to regain the offensive in what was now an epic family battle, I proclaimed that "I could learn first hand about alternative rock music, and perhaps appreciate Phish."

Nobody bought this line of reasoning. But Erin was in a tight spot.

"O.K.," she sullenly murmured, "but dad can't go looking like an escapee from an L.L. Bean catalogue. Get rid of the socks, find a pair of jeans, so I can put some rips in them, and the hair! Wear a hat!" Erin commanded.

With a bit of swagger, I replied that "I go as I am."

Within fifteen minutes Erin and I, and her somewhat baffled friend Alyssa, were traveling out of Chestertown; me across the memory of youth, and two mortified teenaged girls who sat low in the station wagon lest any friends see them.

By the time we arrived at the Patriot Center I had been given an hour and a half crash course in Phish and Phish lore. It was more than I needed or wanted. As we entered the acres of parking lots I began to have an uncanny flashback. Volkswagen minibuses with peace symbols, tie-dyed curtains, and paisley designs were scattered as far as the eye could see. People were dressed in bell bottom jeans, denim shirts, and a motley of hats and head coverings. The scene recalled afternoons in Washington Square

Park in New York City during the late 1960s.

Once out of the car, much to Erin's and Alyssa's relief, I went my own way. Inside the Patriot Center, I was reminded of my senior year in college in the fall of 1965, the night I saw Bob Dylan at Carnegie Hall — the night I was a coat and tie awash in a sea of denim.

What was surprising in the exalt of denim and ragged clothes in 1965 seemed commonplace and oddly funny in 1994. It was as if someone had declared the Patriot Center and its surroundings a sort of theme park where kids could get dressed up in the sixties look. In spite of my sense of make believe, I also felt the breathless excitement and energy in the spasmodic gestures and movements of those around me. On my way to my seat I could not help but feel the way conversations stopped and eyes searched me for a meaning. "Must be a cop," someone muttered.

With a very carefully timed confluence of lights and crackling noise, Phish was introduced. Like lightening smashing into a tree during a summer squall, the people around me, who were loosely stretched out in their seats, bolted to their feet and began bobbing their heads as they rolled their shoulders. This brought me into a kind of ethical dilemma. Truly I did not feel the urge to get to

my feet and give my nerve endings a work out, but to sit seemed somehow belligerent and ill mannered. A glance in the direction of my daughter and Alyssa, who had made sure they arrived at their seats well after I was in mine, confirmed my suspicion. The look of distress on Erin's face seemed to say, "I don't want any one to know who you are, and I wish you were invisible!" So I stood.

Song followed song and not a single person shook less. Here were about ten thousand people flexing their bodies and gesticulating into the air with their hands and arms. Spotlights roamed the audience, and as groups of people became illumi-

nated, they moved faster, and some shouted at the light. The bewilderment I felt in 1965 on the night that Bob Dylan made a shocking move from traditional folk music to a new kind of music returned

*Sound, I realized, was not meant to entertain, but to strike a common chord. Music offered a superstimulated escape and expression of self.*

to me, and I began to understand something I couldn't then. The closed eyes, contorted faces, and spasmodic body thrusts in the supercharged air were the same in 1994 as they were in 1965. Sound, I realized, was not meant to entertain, but to strike a common chord. Music offered a superstimulated escape and expression of self. Amid the din, I had a genuine moment of clarity.

After the concert, though my head was pounding and my legs were tired from standing, I felt good about Phish. My cynical feelings about the retreading of the sixties, intensified by the bittersweet memories of that time, dissolved as I realized that confronting the world is daunting for every generation. The embrace of rock music seemed to be a way to connect. I knew it was not my way, but it was clear that the young people around me were emotionally engaged and physically depleted. If the current generation's sense of the sixties provides a metaphor that is useful, how can I be critical? What looked like costumes in 1965 were still costumes in 1994. It was undeniable that the directions rock music took after 1965 had profound effects on our culture. The meaning of those changes came late for me. It has often been said that children make adults. Coming of age is not only about teenagers.

*Richard Gillin (above left, with daughter Erin '99) is Chair of the Department of English at Washington College.*

# The Cheese Sandwich That Changed My Life

by P. K. Trams '75

Pat Trams, known simply as "Trams" to most, has been a familiar face around Chestertown ever since she came to Washington College in 1971. In 1986 she joined the College staff, first as Events Coordinator and then as Director of Alumni Affairs. In addition to her trademark barefeet and good humor, she nearly always seemed to be accompanied by a very graceful and athletic young man with a large grin and soft voice. Though Lenox became omnipresent at alumni events and College basketball games, only a few knew the circumstances of his adoption and the subsequent mutual-upbringing that he and Trams undertook together.

Inspired by a graduate-level psychology class, "The Exceptional Child," Trams decided to write about her experiences with Lenox. The resulting paper later evolved into a cover story which ran, appropriately, on Mother's Day in the *Washington Post Magazine*. The article generated hundreds of letters from adoptive parents and from others who had struggled with concepts of motherhood and responsibility.

Because Trams and Lenox are both beloved members of the Washington College family, we asked her to share her story once more.

In January, Trams will begin a year-long leave-of-absence in order to expand her story into a book while Lenox studies law enforcement at Ocean County College in New Jersey.

I was standing in the kitchen of a Caribbean nightclub, looking through the screen door, through the rain, down the potholed one-lane road, when I first laid eyes on the small boy picking through a trash can behind the rum shop next door. The boy had big bare feet and spindly legs with scabby knees showing below dirty shorts, and a wet, too-small T-shirt stuck to his skinny chest and arms. Undeterred by my presence, he made his way toward the trash can that stood just outside my door. From the other side of the screen, he looked up and smiled at me as though he were an expected guest arriving for the luncheon that would be served from my dumpster. I invited him into the kitchen for a snack. I did not know, as we shared a sandwich I cobbled together from pizza ingredients, that I was inviting this boy, Lenox Barzey, into the rest of my days. I think of this now, years later, as the cheese sandwich that changed my life.

That was in September 1981. Just a few days earlier, I had been living a few blocks from the Chester River on Maryland's Eastern Shore, making minimum wage as a maintenance worker for the Mayor and Council of the small town in which I lived. My life was going around in circles, quite literally: I told my friends that I was a necropolis engineer, while my parents told *their* friends that I mowed the grass around tombstones in the town graveyard. My mother, Isabelle, was a librarian and my father, Eberhard, a biochemist. They frequently remarked that I was 28 years old and should be looking for more meaningful work.

This advice had been in the back of my mind when I read in the newspaper that Paul McCartney was recording on an island called Montserrat, a British colony in West Indies. I wrote



PHOTO: DIMITRI FOTOS

*Pat Trams '75 (left) and her adopted son Lenox (right) have grown up together on the banks of the Chester.*



a cover letter explaining why I should be employed to keep rock stars company in the Caribbean, attached a résumé that included the degree I had earned in Romantic poetry and the many interesting ways in which I had avoided hard work in the five years since my graduation, and sent the whole package to two people mentioned in the article: George Martin, who had been the Beatles' producer, and Skip Fraczek, the nightclub owner who was renting his villa to the McCartney family. Weeks later, an overseas telephone operator announced a call from Skip; I assumed it was a joke until I heard the voice on the static-filled line asking if I would manage his nightclub while he returned to the States on personal business. He said he would put me up in his villa — occupied as we spoke by Paul McCartney and Stevie Wonder — show me the ropes of the bar business, and then be off for a short time while I sunbathed and supervised his operation. He wanted me there in two weeks.

When my small plane landed on the volcanic island at dusk, Skip was at the garage-sized terminal to meet me. The McCartneys, he explained, had left for London that morning and he must also fly out sooner than anticipated. He would be returning to the States in the morning but I could call him long distance if I had any questions — like, say, how to manage a villa and nightclub when I had never managed anything in my life.

Skip's villa was grander than I expected. His nightclub was not. Skip had told me that the locals showed up for rum and pizza in the afternoon, Canadian and American expatriates came to the club after dinner for beer and reggae, and often, after midnight, rock stars who were recording at Martin's nearby Air Studios often piled in for cognac and play music with the house band. But when I took my first self-guided tour of the club it was as quiet as the graveyard I had left behind. The "nightclub" turned out to be a pavilion built of louvered shutters, which opened onto a black volcanic-sand beach. Fronds of banana and palm trees grew through the lattice back. Folding chairs were drawn up to rough-hewn tables. In the center of each sticky table, day-old oleander and hibiscus blossoms drooped from empty hot-sauce-bottle vases. The

Montserratian staff had not yet arrived to sweep up last night's cigarette butts or to meet me, their new boss. The steady rain that drummed on the tin roof and splashed in onto the cement floor made me feel every bit as alone as I really was.

Which was why, I suppose, I took so quickly to Lenox.

Lenox was still chatting away at me as the club staff arrived later that afternoon. Accepting me as Lenox's new friend, they began to coach me in my responsibilities as their supervisor.

My chief duty it seemed, was to keep a financial account of the operation, and to take the checkbook wherever it was needed. I shopped for supplies in the afternoon before opening, and I paid the band in the early morning after closing. I learned many things by trial and error. I learned that though plantains may look like bananas, the plantain daiquiri is not a popular drink, and that Rastafarian musicians named Kitaka and Ikim prefer not to be called by their checkbook names of Clarence and Dwight.

I spent many days at Air Studios drinking champagne in the company of very rich and very funny men as they reworked the lyrics of songs that the rest of the world had not yet heard. I was quite confident that I had, at last, found my life's work.

I also found that seven-year-old Lenox became a constant companion on my errands around his island. When I walked barefoot down the road to market for laundry soap or to meet a rock star for lunch, I would look back and there would be Lenox, "walking" behind me on his hands, the pale pink soles of his dirty black feet pointed straight up at the sun. Then he'd tumble into cartwheels around me, race ahead, and wait for me to catch up. His front baby teeth had dropped out, so he had a big toothless grin that spread across his face and

crowded the bright eyes that seemed to take in everything. I enjoyed Lenox's company and the attentions of cruising tourists and musicians who followed my acrobatic friend as he followed me. I enjoyed the friendships that grew as Lenox introduced me to the Montserratians and expatriates who had small businesses and few cares on the slow moving island.

Lenox's mother, I learned, had been killed by a car when he was a baby. His father, a man whose street name was Sam Hustler, had a large legitimate family living in a nearby village.



He acknowledged Lenox as his son but assumed no responsibility for this illegitimate child. Lenox shuttled among his mother's relatives: women he called Nanna and Auntie this and Auntie that, who lived with their extended families in one-room wooden houses on the beach or the mountainside. For all intents and pur-

poses, he lived on the streets and supported himself with his wits.

These were well-honed. Once, when Lenox followed me into another restaurant in town, he pointed at the only pinball machine on the island and asked, "How does it work?" I explained how, gave him a quarter and showed him how to start the machine up. He seemed reluctant. I assumed he wanted to keep the quarter for a worthier purchase. So I dropped my own quarter into the slot. When the machine exploded into action I could read the reason for his hesitation. On the screen in front of us, the game's all-time high-scorer was announced in lights: Lenox Barzey. The champ gave me a sheepish grin and then played on



(Above left) The villa on Montserrat where Paul McCartney — and then Pat Trans — stayed. (Left) Lenox in the schoolyard on Montserrat. (Above) Lenox with his new mom on adoption day, 1985.

and on without having to spend the other quarter, which he had blithely pocketed.

Months passed before Skip returned to the island with his family and a houseful of musicians. I was invited to stay and work with them in the bar and band business. I moved into a bedroom over the club and Lenox often stayed there, supplied with pizza and Pepsi, when I went downstairs to work. "Work" was drinking and

dancing all night and then counting profits in the early morning — making it hard to distinguish from the after-work parties that ended with breakfast at the yacht club or the recording studio. At some point the next day, Lenox would always appear behind me, my grinning and tumbling shadow.

Not so often, I would follow Lenox onto the mountainside where he sometimes stayed with one of his aunts. This Auntie was a large, formidable woman who kept many children for many absent parents. She was an expert at emotional extortion. On each visit, she would tell me at length about the hardship that was her

life and give me a long list of things that would help her endure. When I shopped for her, I added little gifts for her many children; Lenox reported to me that most of these candies and clothes were not distributed. More often, Lenox did Auntie's shopping for her, and he was clearly afraid of short-changing her. He told me he sometimes lost her quarters and was slapped across the face for this carelessness. I wondered how many times his face had to sting for him to become the secret pinball wizard.

Once, when I hadn't seen Lenox for a few days, I walked alone to Auntie's house to ask if my friend was all right. As I climbed unannounced up her path, I saw Lenox, naked and cowering, as Auntie flailed at him with something. When interrupted, she explained that Lenox was supposed to take care of her goats but that he must have mistreated the nanny because her kid had been delivered dead. She had been thrashing Lenox with the stillborn fetus. Dumbfounded, I asked if I could take Lenox to town. Auntie gave me a list of things she wanted while Lenox got dressed. On our walk down the path Lenox just grinned up at me as though this was going to be another good day. There was some filmy stuff from the fetus still stuck to his dirty skin.

By this time I had grown to love Lenox in much the same way that I had long loved Paul McCartney. It was a wild, unrealistic love, a love that I had learned from the Romantic poets

I had studied for so long. In short, I was in love with my idea of who Lenox might be.

I'd been away on Montserrat for seven months when my mother called, late one night, to tell me that my father had been killed in a small plane crash. I went in the dark to pick one of every kind of flower that grew in the jungle and at dawn I went to the airport to standby for the first available flight home. I waited a long time and I will never again be able to smell those kinds of flowers without being sad. Late that night, I put my bouquet in the trash can and began my way through a succession of airports to be reunited with my family.

When my father's estate was settled, I learned that he had left me the financial resources to get started on any venture or adventure I might choose. The problem was, I hadn't a clue about what I wanted to do or who I wanted to be. My brother, Barney, suggested I work for a travel agency so that I might continue to wander aimlessly around the world while letting my mother believe I had a responsible job.

This seemed reasonable. I had been a travel consultant in Washington for about a year when my friend Susan MacLeod called from Montserrat to tell me that Lenox was adrift, too. I had thought about Lenox often and had visited him once when my travel business had taken me close to his island. On that trip, Susan had helped me negotiate with Auntie to enroll Lenox at a private day school on Montserrat. I had given Auntie a small amount of my father's legacy to pay for Lenox's first semester and had left the island feeling fine about Lenox and myself. Now Susan was calling to say that both Lenox and the tuition had disappeared for a while, and only Lenox had reappeared. Susan reported that Lenox was now seen only at night, hanging around rum shops, begging for money. She said that he looked sad and afraid.

I announced to my family that I was going to use the rest of my inheritance to adopt a Montserratian street child. My mother knew, from years of study, the algebra of my emotions. In other words, she knew that if she displayed the perfectly reasonable reservations she might have about my announcement, her concerns would be met with stubborn resolve. So she offered me



her support, and I began a lazy investigation into what this whimsy might entail. Then someone — maybe one of the adoption agents or immigration officers I casually interviewed — made the mistake of telling me that my scheme was impossible. From then on, I was no longer just daydreaming, I was determined.

An unmarried woman pursuing an interracial, international, adoption was not commonplace in the early 1980s, and I worked hard to understand the intricate tangles of red tape. Only in retrospect did I realize that I had not expended anywhere near the same energy to look into my future and Lenox's, and to try to understand the implications these actions would have for both of our lives. I only remember thinking that the word "mother" as others used it was not exactly what I had in mind.

Ludicrous as it may seem in retrospect, I never really thought parenthood through; adoption proceedings just seemed the most "Romantic" way to realize my plan. This plan was that Lenox and I should live a life in the States very much like the life we had led in the islands. I would continue to come and go as I pleased and Lenox, my young friend, could tag along when he wanted. I thought, quite simply, that I could easily share the privileges of my life and my society with this infamously independent child and that, consequently, both of our lives would be enriched. Key to this thought — and to the years of confusion that followed — are the words *simply and easily*.

I spent a year and a half traveling back and forth between Washington and Montserrat, taking care of logistics. On one trip I took Lenox a rough terrain bicycle. When I returned a few months later, I met Lenox riding down the mountain on the island's sole paved road. He had one foot on the seat, the other on the handlebar, open hands flung wide in the air, his wide grin now filled with permanent teeth. His odometer showed he had ridden more than 1,000 miles. On another trip I took him his first pair of sneakers, and on another, a waterproof watch. I always took Auntie what she had requested from the trip before. I did not tell her the purpose of my trips until the paperwork was almost completed; then I invited her to the office of my

Montserratian attorney to ask her about my plan. My lawyer explained to Auntie that it would be illegal to exchange money for the child, as she proposed; he did allow, however, that I could pay to install the telephone she wanted so that she might call Lenox in his new home. This seemed to make her very happy and she agreed that Lenox should go with "Miss Pat." That is what Lenox called me, until I put the plan to him. Then he said, "Sounds good to me, Mom!"

This is how I ended up in May 1985 in Montserrat's High Colonial Court,

everything must have seemed to him. As the airline captain escorted his new friend through the terminal to the immigration office, we walked toward an electric door that opened as we approached. Lenox stopped still, a puddle growing around his shoes, and began looking wildly about for jumbies, which is what the islanders call evil spirits. The captain and I stepped onto and off of the rubber carpet as the door opened and shut, and soon Lenox was laughing with us. He collected his "green card" and everyone's best wishes and we contin-



PHOTO: LESLIE PRINCE RAIMOND '63

asking a panel of her majesty's lordships in white-powdered wigs for permission to adopt Lenox Barzey. After hearing careful evaluations from community representatives, the magistrates queried Lenox about his future. Lenox, standing tall in the short-pants suit I'd carried from KMart, said: "Your Lordships, I would like to go to America so that I can go to school so that I can study to be a judge." I was reminded, in that instant, of Lenox standing in front of the pinball machine asking, "How does it work?" Adoption granted. He told the flight attendant on the flight north that he was going to America so that he could go to school so that he could study to be a jet pilot. He flew the rest of the trip in the copilot's seat. As we circled Miami, Lenox announced to everyone over the PA system that "this America is sure one big island."

Lenox had accepted so many adventures with so much aplomb that I really didn't stop to think how strange

*(Right) Lenox discovering the joys of the Chester River. (Above) Artist Eric Dennard, at right, became an important friend to Lenox who, in turn, helped him battle terminal cancer.*

used to Washington. Lenox told the taxi driver who drove us from National Airport that he wanted to be a chauffeur one day, and when we arrived at my mother's house the driver refused to take our fare for his service.

As soon as we were inside, Lenox, like most weary travelers, asked for directions to the bathroom. I waited a long time for him to return so that I could introduce him to the rest of his family. When I finally went looking for him, I found him frantically stepping onto and off of the small oriental rug that my mother had placed in front of the bathroom door. When I turned the handle and pushed the door open, he just grinned up at me and rushed in.



Lenox was almost ten years old when he arrived in the United States and was enrolled, with no documented personal history, in the fourth grade of a Montgomery County public school. As his interest shifted from flush toilets to video games, he became the subject of myriad medical and educational tests. I remember most vividly the intelligence tests that were administered a few days before his first Christmas here. It was explained to me over that holiday that Lenox's test results defined him as mildly retarded. When asked to name the four seasons

was wrong. For six months Lenox had had a dresser at our house with handles missing, much like the one in the picture. The test administrators agreed that "cultural difference" should be factored into the analysis of Lenox's test results. I knew, but did not explain, that the culture from which Lenox came — an English-speaking, educated society — was not radically different from American culture. Lenox's disadvantages had been familial, not cultural. But I accepted this rationale and the alternative testing methods that it allowed.



PHOTO: MARS GIBSON

of the year, Lenox (who had immigrated on June 14, Flag Day, and thought that all the flags in Washington flew for his welcome) recited, "Halloween, Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's." When shown a drawing of a chest of drawers and asked, "What's wrong with this picture?" he had replied that nothing

After another battery of tests, which emphasized verbal skills, I was told that Lenox was "gifted." The school system carefully ignored these conflicting diagnoses, and Lenox's course of instruction presumed that he was neither retarded nor gifted.

I began to suspect that he was both. Superficially, Lenox acclimated well.

The same grace with which he seduced tourists on Montserrat worked as well on teachers and counselors in Chevy Chase. His looks, agility, and social daring made him a kingpin among neighborhood children. The public who knew of our history thought that Lenox was very lucky and that I was very courageous.

In private, we were both confused and afraid.

Soon after we arrived in the States, I discovered that Lenox kept caches of food and loose change hidden in his room. I assumed this to be an understandable reaction to past insecurities, so I made every effort to assure Lenox that we would always be together. Then I would put him to bed, leaving him alone or with my mother. My naive plan was working: My good friend Lenox was safe in my world and I was still out on the town.

I refer to this, in retrospect, as my period of "Montessori motherhood." Lenox was allowed to do what he wanted in exchange for my being able to do what I wanted. The problem with this plan was that our wishes were often in conflict. What Lenox wanted the most was my undivided attention. What I wanted most, more and more often, was the unfettered life I had traded away. This "infamously independent" child became, in one psychologist's term, "intrusively possessive." He had temper tantrums when I made plans that did not include him, and he abused the men I went out with. He greeted one of my dates at the door with a raised ball peen hammer. When asked, by this good-natured caller, if he wanted to join us for dinner, he said no. He argued that if people saw us out with a white man they would draw the conclusion that Lenox, and not my date, was the outsider. "People might think you found me on the street or something," he said defiantly.

As the months passed, I became even more confused and afraid than Lenox. He was not the person I had imagined him to be, and I feared my love for him was not great enough to guide either one of us through the confusion of who he really was. I had desperate dreams in which I returned Lenox to Montserrat. Friends on the island reported that Auntie used the phone I had installed to call Radio Antilles and ask the broadcasters to relay her "best wishes to the Queen."

But she never called to ask for or about Lenox. I had, after all, told her that Lenox would have a fine life as my son. I was no longer sure of this.

I was sure, after extensive searching, that adoption, unlike many legal contracts, has no escape clause.

When Lenox was eleven, we moved from Chevy Chase back to the college town on the Eastern Shore where I had matriculated and mowed grass. My degree qualified me for an administrative position at the college that had awarded it to me. I hoped that the small careful town would share in my overwhelming parenting responsibilities. I knew by now that I could not manage these by myself.

Upon entering middle school, Lenox began to evidence behavior and learning problems. Lenox's most confounding disability was described as an inability to conceptualize or to deal with abstractions. He could read a seventh grade book, albeit slowly, and recall the clothing the characters had worn and the words they had said. But when asked, "What was the main idea of the story?" he could not respond. His teachers suggested that I help him understand classroom concepts by trying to make them more concrete. This was easy enough when Lenox was figuring math problems about quarters and nickels and dimes. It was not so easy when Kafka appeared on his summer reading list. Facetiously, I asked his teacher where Lenox and I might purchase Greyhound tickets to Hell. What I knew, but could not admit, was that we were already there.

My stubborn scheme — that Lenox and I would evade change — was working. It was making both of us more miserable than ever. Though I worked long hours and Lenox struggled through school, we both spent our unscheduled time clinging to previous lifestyles. I still hung out at the local nightclub and Lenox traveled the streets on his bicycle. He soon had many friends: classmates and college students. He rarely spoke of them; instead he talked endlessly about bicycles and watches. I remember wondering if these, the things I had carried to him on Montserrat, were not only material obsessions but somehow symbols of our earlier relationship that had, by now, gone so wrong. But I was otherwise uninterested — uninterested, that is, until one gruesome evening when, in the course

of collecting laundry, I found a drawer full of watches in Lenox's room. Confronted, he would not tell me how he had acquired them. The next day I queried clerks at local stores. Lenox hung around, they said, but no thefts had been reported. Matt Zuech, a college student who had befriended Lenox, hesitantly told me of missing some cash and expensive sunglasses, but he insisted on giving Lenox the benefit of the doubt. Lenox was dumb when I asked him again, and he was dumb when I put forth my next plan.

This plan was "Mussolini Motherhood." Lenox had never removed the waterproof watch I had given him on Montserrat years earlier. When I took this from his wrist it felt — to both of us, I think now — that I was breaking a tangible bond. I told him that he could not wear a watch again until he had earned my trust. In the meantime, I would be his timekeeper and his day would be rigorously scheduled. Tom Herr, a careful friend of mine, gave Lenox an after-school job in his florist and landscaping business so that, together, we could account for all of his time. As months passed, it seemed that Tom and Lenox were becoming confidants, but Lenox's confidence was of a different sort: Tom told me that he wept when he caught Lenox stealing from his cash register, but that Lenox remained dry-eyed. He seemed disturbingly undisturbed that Tom was terminating his job and their friendship.

Not long after that, Lenox and I were side by side in the kitchen at supper time when his pocket emitted six beeps. He froze. I took a hammer from the tool drawer and marched him through the back door. I took the watch from his pocket and laid it on the cement stoop. I handed him the hammer and told him to smash the watch. He trembled and could not. I took the hammer from him and with one whack, powered with all my despair, smashed its face to smithereens. When I looked up, I saw that Lenox's once-bright eyes were empty.

The pinball machine also came back to haunt us. One Sunday morning, the police came to our door to question Lenox. Their story had a gang of boys visiting video machines in town, opening the coin deposit with a screwdriver, playing games with the booty until bored, and then moving on to the next machine. The other boys had,

upon questioning, returned their share of stolen quarters and offered up Lenox as their leader. The machines gave supporting evidence: The high-scorer, this time, was Lenox Barzey *Trams*. Our good police advised that Lenox turn himself in to the store managers and make restitution. Having completed these shameful introductions, I asked Lenox if his raiders had hit any other machines that the police did not know about. Lenox said they had not.

On Monday morning, when I reported to work at the college, the chief of security was waiting in my office with a report that all the video machines in our Student Center had been vandalized and that Lenox was a suspect. He heard, in my sobs, that Lenox and I were both in desperate need of help. He made a call to a friend of his who was a warden at the local detention center. Yet another plan was devised: I called the principal of Lenox's school and told her that my friend in uniform would be coming to take Lenox out of class for another kind of lesson. Then I drove to the jail, where the warden gently advised me that I must not interfere in what I was about to see. Then, as Lenox was led through the door by college security, the warden and another officer rushed out to meet them. I watched through a window as the warden pushed my now 13-year-old son so that his face and shoulders were pressed against the wall while the other officer cuffed his wrists. I was trembling so that I could barely stand. Lenox went limp as the officers led him out of my sight. Back in his office, the warden explained that Lenox was being fingerprinted and photographed, as if this were a real arrest. Then he would spend some time in a cell with a trustee — a rehabilitated prisoner trusted to scare sense into adolescents. Hours passed before Lenox returned. As I drove Lenox home from the detention center, I could not read any fear in his face. His blank stare filled me, on the other hand, with an unshakable sense of terror.

I made an appointment with a psychiatrist who looked so much like Sigmund Freud that it would have been funny under any other circumstances. After long interviews with me about Lenox's past, and long interviews with Lenox, he told me that Lenox was a sociopath. I had read



enough murder mysteries to understand the implications of this. "Dr. Freud" offered his explanation. He said that one's sense of ego was defined early in life and determined by one's relationship to one's family. Children from dysfunctional homes, he continued, often have an especially strong sense of self, good or bad, as this ego is their only defense against an emotionally or physically destructive family. He hypothesized that Lenox, who had grown up without family or guidance, was not egocentric but egoless. He said that my friend's obvious charm was not sophistication but survival instinct. Lenox, according to "Freud," was incapable of being sensitive to others' feelings because, as a defense against his early circumstances, he had not allowed himself to have feelings. He wasn't disregarding the distinction between good and bad or right and wrong; he had never learned to make these distinctions. Talking to Lenox about love and trust, he explained, was like telling a blind person about blues and greens. The psychiatrist's prognosis was pessimistic. It was "too late," he believed, to change the 13-year course of Lenox's life. He refused to offer me the hope I wanted. And in refusing this, he presented Lenox and me with the challenge that would change our lives. I had one plan left. It would be unusually unoriginal and it would be neither simple nor easy.

My last desperate plan was "motherhood."

Slowly, in this gloomy doctor's office a light had gone on in my head. Lenox's inability to conceptualize was not just a reading disability — it was a living disability. Lenox's teachers had been working to help him understand the definitions of words and how they fit together. I had been trying to explain my definitions of family and society and how we all fit together. The integral piece of this puzzle, the one we had overlooked or taken for granted, was Lenox's definition of himself. He had none. Because "sociopath" was an unacceptable con-

clusion for me, I chose instead to think of this apparently savvy teenager as an emotional infant. And with this insight, we began again. This time, at the beginning.

First, my life had to be restructured to suit a young son instead of a visiting friend. Though our family had been subjected to whimsical plans, our household had never had a real routine. Lenox's independence had permitted my own, and this had been selfishly important to me. It did not occur to me that my resolute independence and my feelings of loneliness were in

the town for quiet family evenings and early bedtimes, I was genuinely surprised to feel less tired and strangely content. Nor had I supposed that Lenox's mood changes had been, or would be, so dependent on mine.

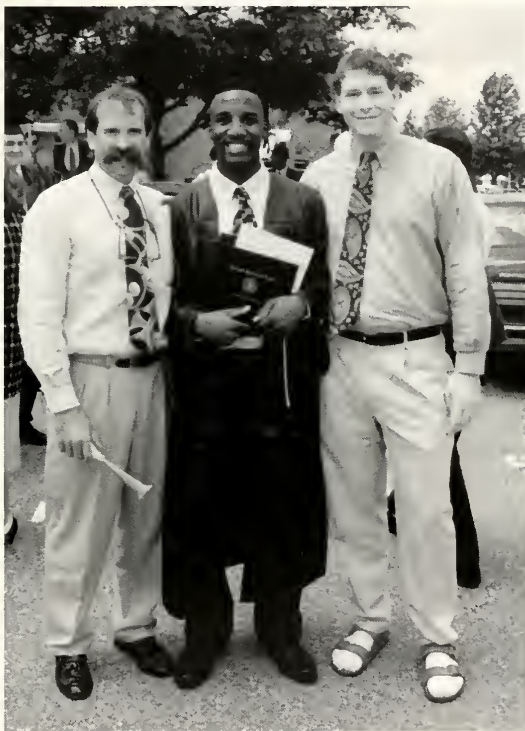
When, in the last three years, I had looked at Lenox as my independent companion, I was always disappointed that he did not live up to my expectations. When I looked at him now as my dependent charge, I was delighted when he, often, exceeded my expectations. I no longer assumed that Lenox understood the difference between

good and bad feelings or right and wrong actions. So Lenox and I began to talk together in simple language about simple things that were considered right and wrong and that made us feel, consequently, good or bad. We spent time together trying to explain our feelings about ourselves and one another. At first, Lenox was not very good at this exercise. When I asked him how he felt about some incident in our day he would just shrug. This, I now reasoned, was not apathy but a real inability to understand and, hence, express what was happening in his heart. So I tried to tell Lenox about every little thing I noticed he was doing right and how good this made me feel. In the evening, Lenox wanted to hear me tell the story of our day. In this recitation, I tried to include each of the kind gestures and good judgments Lenox had made since that morning. The stories grew longer and longer. This, I could tell, was giving

Lenox a definition of himself that he was beginning to trust and be proud of. Then Lenox, eager to participate, began to reciprocate with his stories about our day and all the things I had done that made him feel good.

And I remember thinking, "So this is how it works."

One night Lenox told me that a policeman had come into his classroom that day. He said he wasn't afraid because he hadn't done anything wrong. I realized then that Lenox must have been very afraid on the day of his



*Lenox at his graduation from Kent County High School with friend and employer Tom Herr '77 (left) and "big brother" Matt Zuech '90 (right).*

any way interdependent. I just figured I had nothing left to lose. So Lenox and I began to keep a schedule of each other's company that was no more flexible than the feeding schedule for an infant. And the most remarkable effect of this was the relief that I felt. When I sacrificed my frantic nights on

mock-arrest even though he had never said so. He laughed when he told me that the officer had come, in uniform, to excuse his daughter for a dentist appointment. Lenox said, "I felt good, Mom."

Another night, much later, an acquaintance/crush of mine named Eric Dennard stopped by while Lenox and I were fixing supper. He had hoped, he said, to take me out for dinner. I looked anxiously at Lenox, who said, "I'll be okay by myself. Go out and have fun, Mom." I knew, in that very instant, that Lenox and I were going to make it together.

On Christmas Day, in that crisisless year, Tom Herr came to visit. He brought a poinsettia for me and a deal for Lenox. Though he would not excuse Lenox for betraying his trust, he had decided to offer his forgiveness — and a job in his greenhouse — as a holiday bargain. On Christmas night, Lenox told me that the most precious gift he had received that day was that of a second chance.

From then on Lenox went to work every day after school and came home tired but happy. His weekly checks, as agreed, were made payable to me. I kept this pay in an account, which Lenox was allowed to spend with supervision. He had collected almost \$100 before he made his first withdrawal, along with a request. He had written a letter addressed to his "big brother" Matt Zuech. Would I trust him enough to put \$50 of his money in the envelope without reading the letter? I told him that I trusted him and that he could trust me. He went to school and I read the letter. It was a sad and wonderful confession that he had once stolen a pair of sunglasses from this close friend. The letter was a promise to continue payments until the sunglasses could be replaced. I sent the money with the letter and kept my mouth shut. Lenox chose to read me the quick response. Matt wrote that he happened to find Ray Bans on sale that very day and was returning, to Lenox, the \$10 change from the purchase with his love and respect.

That summer, my mother — Lenox's grandmother — treated him to a week of overnight camp. On this trip to the Chesapeake Bay, Lenox said to me, "I had a dream last night, Mom. I dreamed that one day my children will be judged not by the color of their skin but by the content of their char.... No

wait...! That was somebody else's dream. I dreamed that there was a fat kid in the top bunk and his bed collapsed and crushed me." This twisted humor from my passenger caught me off-guard and I had a giggle attack on the highway. Lenox laughed with me. It was the first time in four years that this sound from him seemed unaffected. I remember being overwhelmed with the joy of the moment. And in my memory, that is when the light came back into his eyes.

The next year we visited a Quaker boarding school where my sister, Penny, had been a student. This trip included a casual visit to the admissions office that turned into a weekend on the campus for Lenox. Before long he had been accepted into the school's ninth grade. He received his invitation with mixed feelings: he felt proud to be awarded the privilege of a place in the community, but he was afraid as well. What, he wondered, would a black kid with a white mother say to new friends when they asked him about his history? The next weekend we posed a "family" photograph with Lenox's grandmother, Tom, Matt, Eric et al., in or under the branches of the big maple in our front yard. Now, we explained, Lenox had a "family tree" to show his classmates. He was still afraid. How could he tell the truth about his life without informing people that he had been a thief? And if he told the truth, wouldn't he always be a suspect if crimes were committed at his new school?

A few days after Lenox started at the Sandy Spring Friends School, I was pulled from a meeting to answer a call from one of his teachers. I reacted with reflexive dread. This teacher told me there had been a theft in Lenox's dorm. All the students had been called together. Lenox, she said, knew that he was not a suspect but he chose to stand on this occasion to tell his life's story. Later, when everyone was in study hall, the stolen items had been mysteriously replaced. She apologized for interrupting my day, but she thought I should know about this.

Lenox turned 16 that semester. I planned that Lenox's dorm head should present him with my present at breakfast on his birthday. When she called me that morning, she reported that Lenox had knocked on her door at one minute past midnight and asked to receive his package. She said he

seemed very pleased — but not very surprised — to find a watch inside.

In our end-of-the-year conference, the consensus was that Lenox's social triumphs outweighed his academic frustrations and the school volunteered special courses in exchange for the example of his spirit.

While Lenox was away for the tenth grade, our friend Eric was found to have a terminal illness. I spent most of that winter on the road, traveling between Eric's isolated art studio in Dorchester County where he needed to work, Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, and my house on the Chester River where he received the attention of his many friends. By the time Lenox arrived home for summer vacation, the logistics that are cancer were beginning to exhaust my spirit and the patience of my employer. Without calling any attention to his actions, Lenox inserted himself in our routine. With Tom's support, he scheduled his summer job hours around daily commutes to chemotherapy. Eric appreciated this friendly escort. Lenox, he said, had an uncanny ability for drawing attention to himself and away from everyone's sickness. When I had to be absent in the evening, Lenox made casual excuses to stay home. Once Eric reported to me that Lenox had pulled a chair into the hall by his door and sat there quietly alert while he thought his friend was sleeping. In spite of his devastating disease, Eric was intent on sharing delight. He reminded us every day that life was a wonderful adventure. Eric, I knew, was trying to teach Lenox about the joy of everyday things. Lenox, I knew, was learning about extraordinary courage. Lenox no longer needed coaching about responsibilities. He assumed his, and many of mine, without being asked. Once, after Lenox had relieved me of a long day in an outpatient clinic, allowing me a long day in the office, I said: "For all the trouble we went through in becoming a family, you're paying me back in spades." Lenox, having never heard this expression before, replied, "You're welcome in honkeys."

It was Lenox's decision to stay at home for 11th grade. Three weeks after he returned to public school, he announced that he had been elected president of the Student Government Association at Kent County High



School. I said, "You mean you've been elected the president of a club represented on the SGA." He said, "No, Mom, I'm the president of the SGA." I said, "You mean you're the president of your junior class?" He said matter-of-factly, "No, Mom, I'm the head Negro in charge and I need Somebody's Book of Preliminary Procedure." This

his many doctors, who were saddened by the news. Next, I asked my best friend, Davies Hadaway, to find my son at school and ask him to call me. When I told Lenox that Eric had died bravely and peacefully, he said, "That's good." My son's response, in contrast to others' sympathy, stunned me at first. And then I realized that

me, reporting that he had said: "Teenagers who hurt other people are put on TV news, but teenagers who help other people are not. The president should know that the crime rate would probably drop if good citizens got to be on TV as much as criminals." I could hear ghostly pinballs racking up points. Adoption granted. Audition

over. And so, the president of the Kent County High School Student Government Association went off to meet the president of the United States in an MTV forum about teenagers and crime. In light of our past experiences, this invitation might seem to carry with it great irony. The expression "funny fate" passed through my mind, until I realized that Lenox, not fate,



PHOTO: DIMITRI FOTOS

election report was reconfirmed weeks later when Lenox was invited to a Baltimore television station to be introduced, as president of his school, to the studio audience. Lenox wrote on the invitation envelope, "It's Academic." When a friend saw this he told Lenox, "It's better to look good than to spell good. Just put a slide rule in your shirt pocket for the occasion." Lenox said, "A what?"

Lenox made the honor roll at Kent County High School. Eric was very sick and in always-present pain when Lenox told him this. Our friend struggled to surface through morphine to tell Lenox how very proud he was. The next day at the hospital, Eric announced to everyone that Lenox had made the National Honor Society. I told Lenox that, if Eric had lived to keep telling this story, Lenox eventually would have been nominated for a Nobel Prize in algebra. Eric did not live long enough. He died a few days later in his own bed. I was holding him and his closest friends were all near. First, we reported Eric's death to

Lenox, in his unrehearsed response, had remembered Eric's pain before he felt his own. The pain did set in, but Lenox bore it with courage. He told me that Eric had once said, "Nobody's allowed to cry unless I do." Lenox never saw Eric cry. He only remembers his laugh.

Eric might have laughed upon overhearing a phone call made to Lenox a few months later. I could tell from Lenox's tone of voice that the person on the other end of the phone was not, per usual, making a date to cruise for girls in the shopping center parking lot. I heard Lenox say, "I am honored by the invitation, but you have to understand I have a lacrosse game that day." I motioned for his attention, he read my lips and replied, "I am invited to meet with President Clinton." I said I would write a letter of excuse to his lacrosse coach in exchange for an explanation. And this is how I learned that MTV producers had been around the country asking high school students to share ideas with the president. Lenox re-created his audition for

had changed our lives. Despite "Dr. Freud's" diagnosis, Lenox had been determined to grow and he had decided to bring me along with him.

I remember Lenox calling me from boarding school three years ago to tell me that he had fallen in love "for the first and last time." Soon after, I was introduced to the focus of Lenox's school year and the recipient of a summer of long-distance calls. I never doubted that this was true love. Lenox would often pause in mid-mundanity to ask me, "Isn't life great?" But then, in the course of forever, Lenox had moved on to Kent County High and I was soon introduced to another special girl. I remember asking Lenox, in all affected seriousness, "But what about 'forever'?" Lenox turned to me with genuine seriousness and sad concern. "Mom," he said, "you have a lot to learn about love."

And I thought I had learned so much.

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# ALUMNI REPORTER

## Hall Of Fame Celebrates Glory Days

by H. Hurtt Deringer '59

*There is no greater glory for a man as long as he lives than that which he wins by his own hands and feet. — THE ODYSSEY*

**T** rue athletics are not about money, but about glory.

On September 30th, 20 former Washington College athletes experienced glory again — if only in the re-telling of deeds done in the past.

The guiding light on Don Kelly's fitness fast break (Gregory Lane '74), the jackrabbit halfback and track iron man (Raymond F. Sutton '50), the first big man in basketball (Lloyd H. Pearson '19) and the man whose contributions span six decades and reach every quarter of the college (Louis L. Goldstein '35) plus the 1972 lacrosse team were the honored inductees at the 15th annual Athletic Hall of Fame banquet.

Presenters were Dr. Charles B. Clark '34 for Goldstein, Richard A. Norris '74 for teammate Lane, Barry Drew '70 for the deceased Pearson, and track teammate Larry Brandenburg '50 for Sutton.

John R. Parker '55 was eloquent as the master of ceremonies. Matthew H. Distler, a senior, gave the invocation (a poem by the sportswriter Grantland Rice) and benediction. Barry Drew, chairman of the Hall of Fame committee, made the introductions.

Dr. John S. Toll, President of the Col-



lege was greeted warmly and spoke briefly on the state of the college.

Athletic director Bryan L. Matthews '75 spoke on his experiences as a member of the 1972 lacrosse team. Edward M. Athey '67, president of the Alumni Association, also gave his insights.

Members of the 1972 team came from as far as Great Britain and California. Peter Boggs journeyed from Chelsea, London. Jack Copeland traveled from Mammoth Lakes, California.

They and 14 others came to mark that marvelous team that rebounded from a 4-10 previous season to trounce Yale, 15-5, rip RPI, 15-2, hop Hofstra, 9-5, stop Syracuse, 16-9, maul FDU-Madison, 21-4, down Duke, 14-7, best Bucknell, 16-5, whip Western Maryland, 25-2, and lash Loyola, 19-5, while losing only to Navy, Johns Hopkins and W&L during the regular season. In the first USILA College Division championship that year, Washington

1995 Athletic Hall of Fame inductees Ray Sutton, Jr. '50, Greg Lane '74 and Louis Goldstein '35. Lloyd Pearson '19 was inducted posthumously.

College played all of its games on the road, beating F&M, 10-9, Denison, 13-9, and Towson State, 9-7, before bowing valiantly to Hobart, 15-12, coming back from a 6-0 deficit to deadlock at 12-12.

Lane, "Cactus Jack" Copeland and Tom George were back from the attack; Boggs, Bob Shriver and Jody Haddow from the first midfield; Mark Sinkinson and Matt Cordrey from the second; and Jan Rosenthal and Doug Pieffer from the third.

For the close defense, starter Norris returned along with Joe Connor, Bert Cook and Mitch Mowell. Ford Schumann and Bryan Matthews were back in the goal. Assistant coach Barry Drew was also singled out.



Coach Donaldson N. Kelly was unable to come because of a high fever, but his name was mentioned often, especially by his players, who remembered affectionately that he made the playing of the game fun.

## College Recognizes Masters Alumni

It was bound to happen. Pat Trams, Director of Alumni Affairs, recently announced that alumni who hold masters degrees from Washington College will be recognized as a distinctive group. Until now, all alumni, whether undergraduate or graduate, were considered a single alumni body.

Because masters candidates typically are juggling jobs and families, their experience at WC is different. We have a responsibility to help them remain in touch with the College and the friends they made here, says Trams.

To make the change official, President John Toll named Nancy McCloy, Masters '74, the masters correspondent for his newly formed President's Circle. The President's Circle is comprised of alumni who will advise President Toll on various matters of interest to the college. This means that graduate alumni will be recognized as such by all segments of the college community.

As her first act under the new scheme of things, Nancy McCloy promoted the first masters event on October 19 in the Hynson Lounge. Guest of honor was Helen Chappell, the Eastern Shore's premier storyteller. Ms. Chappell writes a humorous column for the Baltimore *Sun* called "Oyster-back Tales."

McCloy said the reading by Ms. Chappell was the first of many events planned for Masters alumni. She urges all WC masters degree alumni to reach her, care of the Alumni Office at 1-800-422-1782, ext. 7812, with ideas for developing this newest alumni group into a vital force that can benefit the college and masters alumni alike.

"We have seen the need for a special designation of masters alumni for some time," Trams said. "The total number of graduate degree holders is now large enough for us to take what has been an inevitable step. We think it will be quite exciting and helpful to the college as a whole."



## WC Alumni Hit The Links

Sixty-four alumni arrived at the Chester River Yacht and Country Club on September 29 intent on bringing the challenging course to its knees. They failed. But, as usual, a great time was had by all at the fifth annual WC Alumni Golf Tournament. This year's event raised additional endowment for maintenance of the Lifetime Fitness Center.

The teams took off in a scramble start from all 18 holes and used the "Best Ball" format in which each player tees off and proceeds to hit from the best lie of the four balls hit each time. Of the foursomes, only nine came in under par, so one can imagine either the difficulty of the course or, more likely, the lack of focus on the part of most participants.

The tournament was followed by a buffet supper at Wilmer Park, next to the college's boathouse. Catering Director Darrell Jester and his superb staff of student waiters and servers kept outstanding food coming for nearly two hours.

Several members of the 1972 lacrosse team who came back for the Hall of Fame celebration participated.

Peter Heller's ('71) foursome took first place honors for the second year in a row, with Bob Shriver's ('73) team placing second and Ed Athey's ('67) group finishing third.

The annual Alumni & Friends Golf Tournament benefits the endowment of the Benjamin A. Johnson Lifetime Fitness Center. In the 1995 Tournament, longest drive (men's) was awarded to Kip Wagner '83, longest drive (women's) to Judy McBee, and longest drive (back to Washington College) was tied between Jack Copeland '73 from California and Peter Boggs '72 from England. Jack and Peter (first and third from left) are pictured with Bob Shriver '73, Tournament founder John Tansey '73, and Athletic Director Bryan Matthews '75.

## Going Live

During the course of the 1995-96 year, the Development Office will be converting all alumni records to a new, more powerful data-base system called Benefactor. During this time we appreciate your patience and active participation.

Should you receive two or more pieces of correspondence for the same event, have an address correction, want to change your joint mailing name, or notice any incorrect information in your correspondence from Washington College, please contact Judie Berry or Peaches Blades in the Office of Development at 1-800-422-1782 ext. 7798.

Thank you for your assistance.



## Alumni Events

*Clockwise from top left: Many WC alumni and faculty members represented their "other" colleges at inauguration of President John S. Toll. Pictured here are San Heck '67, representing University of the South; Susie Chase Wittich '90, representing Cabrini College; and the Reverend Vincent Hynson '87 who gave the inaugural benediction.*

*As part of the celebrations surrounding John Toll's inauguration, the Alumni Association sponsored a dance, "Rock & Roll for Toll!," and the SGA hosted a Club Fair. Here the Science Club's spokesman, flanked by Douglas Beckworth '96 and Tod Hall '96, sports a souvenir t-shirt.*



*Proceeds from the annual Kent & Queen Anne's Alumni Flea Market provide a Bookstore Scholarship for a local undergraduate. This year's recipient, Angela Holocker '97 from Stevensville, shops for textbooks with Scholarship Committee members Kirby '48 and Peggy Benton Smith '46.*

*Twenty-three years after the legendary season remembered this fall by the Athletic Hall of Fame Committee, members of the 1972 lacrosse team reunited and, assisted by other LAX alumni, beat the undergraduate Sho'men 12-11. Pictured here are Bryan Matthews '75, "Fuzzy" Norris '74, Bert Cook '75, Mitch Maxwell '73, Jack Copeland '73, Tom George '73, and 1995 Hall of Fame Inductee Greg Lane '74.*





# CLASS NOTES

**'35** William O. Baker, retired chairman of AT&T Bell Laboratories, submitted the following chronicle of a long and distinguished career in telecommunications.

"Initial work with Prof. C. P. Smyth at Princeton University on dielectric properties of organic crystals evolved into an early stage of the solid state chemistry era. This came in our Bell Labs extension to national materials R&D through our White House/PSAC concepts, although pre-WWII studies focused specifically on properties and synthesis of linear macromolecules (inspired by Wallace Carothers works). Accordingly, many of these findings were applied in the wartime synthetic rubber production. However, other work of this early period included the first semi-conducting organic polymers and technology for advanced telecommunications cable networks, undersea cables and microwave systems.

"The wartime studies originated 3-D macromolecular units (microgel), a forerunner of current dendritic polymers, and the technical base for enhanced tire and sheathing extrusion. This period of personal chemistry work was reflected in: Perkin Medal (1963), von Hippel Prize, Materials Research Society (1978), Priestly Medal (1966), Parsons Award (1976), Willard Gibbs Medal (1978), Madison Marshall Award (1980), American Institute of Chemists Gold Medal (1975), among others. Subsequent individual chemistry studies involved dynamic mechanics of polymers in solution, and creation of polymer carbon from densely cross-linked polymers that was dehydrogenated. The resulting solid with high elastic modulus — actually non-graphitic — was used in high performance aerospace and missile components and in special high strength composite structures. The process of polymer carbon formation was applied in all space recovery capsules, and in re-entry missile nose cones. The individual chemical research done for these findings was recognized in co-reciprocity of the National Medal of Technology (1985), recipient of the National Medal of Science (1988) and National Materials Advancement Award (1988).

"My current chemical activities involve mostly nanophase systems, with particular implications for bio structures. This work is concentrated at the Rockefeller University, where I have served as Chairman (now Chair Emeritus) for many years."

**'36** Bill "Swish" Nicholson was complimented in a Baltimore *Sun* article by John Steadman on October 8, 1995. The article commemorated Swish's participation in the World Series with the Chicago Cubs 50 years ago.

Emerson P. Slacum was inducted to the Maryland Senior Citizens Hall of Fame on October 19, 1995.

**'43** Ted Kurze reports, "After ten years of retirement I have accepted a position as Director of Medical Education at University of California, Irvine. Smelling roses gives me a stuffy nose."

**'49** Walt "Romie" Romanition, who died in 1958, was honored on August 28, 1995. Friends and family gathered at Stevensville Middle School, where he taught and coached, to dedicate a flag in his memory. Alums Buddy Sparks '56, Bill Mulligan '50 and Betty Simpers '48 attended this dedication ceremony.

**'50** Dr. Leonard Krassner represented Washington College at Trinity College's inauguration of Evan S. Dobelle.

**'51** Lawrence S. Wescott represented Washington College at the Centennial Anniversary of The College of Notre Dame of Maryland on August 28, 1995.

**'53** Constantine N. Tonian and his wife, Helen, returned from a three-month long volunteer mission to Moscow, Russia, where he assisted a newly privatized company engaged in defense conversion, industry reconstruction, joint venture formation and business planning and development. He serves with the International Executive Service Corps (IESC) as part of the U.S. for-

eign assistance effort. IESC is a private, non-profit organization that sends retired executives to assist businesses and enterprises in the developing world and the new emerging democracies of Central and Eastern Europe and the former Soviet Union.

**'55** Alfred P. Shockley represented Washington College at Hood College's inauguration of Shirley D. Peterson.

**'59** Ron O'Leary keeps busy with his five grandsons, ages 6 years to 4 months, while still finding time to officiate basketball and lacrosse.

**'63** Fletcher R. Hall was named Executive Director of the American School Counselors Association. Prior to joining ASCA, Hall served as Executive Vice President of the Greater Baltimore Board of Realtors for ten years and was a consultant to the Eastern European Real Property Foundation in Washington, DC. The American School Counselor Association is headquartered in Alexandria, VA, and represents more than 13,000 school counselors throughout the United States.

**'64** Phillip LeBel was appointed dean of the School of Business Administration (SBA) at Montclair State University, Upper Montclair, NJ. LaBel is an expert in the fields of energy and natural resource economics, as well as in the economics of development with emphasis on Sub-Saharan African countries. He has lived in and/or traveled to nearly 30 countries in Africa over the past 30 years, beginning with his work as a Peace Corps volunteer teacher in Ethiopia in 1965.

**'70** Frederick P. Couper claims that he was tired of his 16-year-old son calling him a wimp so he took up the challenge of rock climbing twice a week in both central Connecticut's Ragged Mountains and New York's spectacular "Gunks." He says it's a super experience!

**'73** Nancy Walsh reports, "My hus-

band, Len, and I are in France for one year while he teaches/researches and I teach English and paint watercolors and pastels for future shows. Hello to Tina Beaven."

**'74** Cynthia Behn Dawson reports on her years since graduation: "First of all, I passed the CPA exam about ten years ago and have been working for the National Rural Electric Cooperative Association in Arlington, VA, for the past five years. Prior to this, I spent some time shrimping in South Carolina, working as an independent contractor in accounting, traveling Europe and Huntington Beach, CA. For two years I worked for a "big 6" accounting firm which led to my current position at NRECA. I was married this past April to Robert Dawson and I have become the stepmother of four. We bought a 60-year-old Arlington colonial and have been spending spare time and money remodeling. Special 'hellos' to Tom McHugh, Betsy Downey Marks, Kathy Goedeke, Gail Carney, Betty Drew, Mary McNulty and Robert Lazarro, Esquire."

**'75** Nathaniel Lee Parks has been named senior vice president of the mortgage department at Summit Bank in Chatham, NJ. Parks is a member of the MBA of New Jersey, co-chairman of the Wholesale Lender's Committee and a member of the Mortgage Council of New Jersey. He lives in Succasunna, NJ, with his wife, Diane, and their two children.

**'76** Linda Brettschneider Drawsky and her husband, Mike, relocated from Sacramento, CA, to Cave Creek, AZ (just north of Phoenix and Scottsdale). If there are any Washington College alumni in the area they would love to hear from you.

Patrick Strollo is an Assistant Professor of Medicine, Division of Pulmonary, Allergy

and Critical Care Medicine at the University of Pittsburgh.

**'81** Glen Beebe reports, "1995 has been a big year! I was selected as Mayor for a one year term in Washington Township, Mercer County, NJ. I was married in May and honeymooned in Belize for two weeks in July and August."

**'82** Elizabeth Edgeworth recently became Godmother to Jeanne Merrick Maddux's youngest son, Austin Bennett Maddux.

Peter Turchi represented Washington College at The University of North Carolina's inauguration of Patsy Bostick Reed.

**'83** Rebecca Harris Mitchell represented Washington College at the inauguration of Douglas McKay North at Alaska Pacific University on August 25, 1995.

**'85** Chris Santa Maria recently received his master's degree in education (MED) from Cabrini College. He will be a member of a pilot team of teachers who will be experimenting with the block scheduling at Harrison High School in Rosemont, PA.

**'86** Tom Moore and Dianne Treuth Moore '89 have relocated to Chesapeake, VA, where Tom is a department head on the *USS Finback* — a fast attack submarine stationed in Norfolk. Dianne is working for the Dolphin Scholarship Foundation and keeps busy entertaining their three-year-old daughter, Carter. "Hey Janet Sims, where are you?"

**'87** Jennifer Billings Carle reports that she is happily married to Ken Carle and the mother of Alexander Carle, born last June.

Jennifer Leach is working for the World Bank in their Resident Mission in La Paz, Bolivia. She is a member of the unit responsible for all of the Bank's social projects in Bolivia. Jennifer spends most of her time managing two health projects — one an early childhood development project, and one an integrated health project. At the invitation of the First Lady of Bolivia, she has also just joined in an initiative to reduce maternal mortality in the country.

Marcia Waynant Patchan is currently working at UMAB in the Biochemistry Department. She continues research on fiber-optic metal ion biosensors and is doing some interesting collaborative work with Vanderbilt University. Marcia is living in Columbia with her husband, Bob, and two year old Katy. They just returned from Montana where they visited Marcia's former roommate and classmate, Janet Szabo, and her family.

**'88** William P. Jones, TSgt., USAF Reserve, received the Air Force Commendation Medal for meritorious service while assigned as a mobilization augmentee to 380 MEDGP, Plattsburgh AFB, NY. The medal was awarded on August 24, 1995 and the citation called attention to his duties as a medical technician and his key role in at least two medical emergencies.

Laura D. Kerbin is a second year resident in internal medicine at Eastern Virginia Graduate School of Medicine in Norfolk, VA. She plans to continue her training following residency in a fellowship in medical oncology.

**'90** Jennifer Nicholson Holden has been teaching for six years and needs only three more classes to complete her master's degree in English from Washington College.

Gerard McGarrity has been director of television and video for the Democratic National Committee since 1992.

**'92** Patricia Hawthorne Finch and her husband, Paul, are living in Melbourne, FL. She is working at Northrup Grumman, an Aerospace Engineering Company and Paul is working as a pilot for Flight Safety.

**'93** Will Brandenburg is living in Miami Shores, FL, where he is the head coach of the Barry University Rowing Team and the Assistant Director of Campus Recreation.

Justin Cann is a teaching assistant at the University of New Mexico. His e-mail address: justinc@indirect.com

Niurka (Nikki) Goenaga is working on her master's thesis in the Sociology Department

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at University of Pittsburgh. She is also working as Market Support Coordinator for Fiserve Corporation in Pittsburgh.

**'94** Kristen Lucas is teaching at Echo Hill Outdoor School.

When Tarin Towers found out that Brian Matheson '95 was also planning to move to San Francisco, she took that as a sign. Brian picked Tarin up in Iowa City and they drove across the country on historic Route 66, dropping off Scott Koon '95 in Oklahoma City along the way. Brian is working at the University of Phoenix Online Campus, providing technical support to virtual U of P students. Tarin writes reviews of Web sites as an Internet Analyst for the McKinley Group's Magellan Directory. Check out <http://www.mckinley.com>. She was also a top-ten finalist at the San Francisco Poetry Slam this summer. She and Brian both live in the Mission District.

**'95** Renee Alten is going to law school at Northeastern University.



Tiffany Altizer is pursuing her Ph.D. in chemistry at George Washington University.

Susan Czechowski spent the summer living with WC alumna, Judith Thompson

Washington College Baseball Alumni returned to campus on September 30th to play the varsity team.

Miraglioulo '67, in Italy.

## In Memoriam

John Lowry "Jack" Sanford Jr. '32 died August 10, 1995. He had recently retired after practicing law for almost 60 years. He served on the Maryland State Senate from 1951 to 1966 and was Worcester County State's Attorney from 1947 to 1951 and from 1967 to 1979. Jack was also a member of the Maryland State Bar Association and the Worcester County Bar Association. He served on the board of trustees and was a member of St. Mary Star of the Sea Catholic Church in Ocean City, MD for 66 years. He was a charter member of the Ocean City Golf and Yacht Club, a member of the Worcester County Farm Bureau, Society of Senates Past and the St. Thomas More Society. He is survived by his wife, Mary E. Sanford; two stepdaughters; and four step grandchildren.

Marie Poole Bowdle '34 died on September 28, 1995 in Easton, MD. She taught adult ed classes and was a substitute teacher from 1934 to 1940. In 1973 Marie retired after 33 years as a social worker for Dorchester County Department of Social Services. She was a member of the Bethesda United Methodist Church in Preston, MD, the Maryland Classified Employees Association and the A.A.R.P. Marie is survived by a son, Claudell Bowdle, Jr. and one brother, Lloyd Poole.

John W. Perry Jr. '36 died on September

24, 1995. He retired in 1971 after serving as the credit manager for Head Ski Co. since 1964 and before that, the credit manager for Procter & Gamble Distributing Co. in Baltimore. A graduate of the New York Institute of Photography, he took wedding pictures for Paul Jordan Studios and also did photographic work for Harry T. Campbell Sons' Co. Born in Centreville, MD, John was the first Eagle Scout on the Eastern Shore in 1931. He reached the rank of lieutenant after serving as a Navy officer in WWII and was recalled to serve in the Korean War. He was the first postwar commander of the Klingelhof Post of the Veterans of Foreign Wars in Towson. For many years John was the treasurer of the Baltimore Chapter of the Washington College Alumni Association. He was a member of the Kappa Alpha fraternity. He is survived by his wife, Leah Frederick Perry '36; a daughter, Ellen Kroll; three sons, John Perry III, David Perry and Steven Perry '80; a brother, Robert Perry; and seven grandchildren.

Maurice Kaufman '39 died in September 1995. He was an associate physician for Wishard Memorial hospitals and a physician at Community Hospital. He retired as medical director of Metro-Health. In 1989, Dr. Kaufman received the George E. Davis Award in recognition of noteworthy support and advocacy of programs designed to help the elderly. At the time of his death, he was assistant professor of medicine at Indiana University School of Medicine. He was also an instructor of internal medicine

for the Yale University School of Medicine, lecturer at the School of Public Health, Yale University School of Medicine and chief of resident training in internal medicine at Bridgeport Hospital. Dr. Kaufman was president of the board of directors at the Jewish Home for the Elderly, member of the board and president of Hooverwood Jewish Home and the Central Indiana Council on Aging. He was also a member of the board of governors and executive committee of the Jewish Federation and president of JWF Retirement Community and Park Regency. He is survived by his wife, Bessie Kaufman; son, Dr. Neal Kaufman; daughters Janice Payne and Judith Hastings; and six grandchildren.

James G. Metcalfe Jr. '48 died in Sun City, Arizona, on August 8, 1995. He served in the U.S. Navy during WWII and was a retired civil engineer. Mr. Metcalfe was a member of the Theta Chi fraternity while at Washington College. In addition to his wife, Louise, he is survived by a son, James G. Metcalfe III; three daughters, Rebecca Krasomil '71, Jane Metcalfe and Gay Carinci; a half-sister, Mackey Metcalfe Dutton '51; and five grandchildren.

Millard H. "Newt" Schellinger '60 died on August 22, 1995 in Dias Creek, NJ. He was a U.S. veteran of the Korean conflict, a sales representative for a time-share firm and earned a master's degree in psychology from Temple University.

## Marriages

Marty Williams '75, Vice President for Development and College Relations to Susan Wheeler on September 30 in West Friendship, MD.

Sarah Mawson '82 to Larry Fechtner on July 16, 1995. Alumni in attendance included Tinsley Belcher '84, Jane Mawson '85, Dodi Sherman Curtis '82, Vanessa Haight Hoopes '84, Gwyn Hekking Heaver '83 and Phil Heaver '83.

John Kennedy '88 to Elaine Cimino on June 3, 1995. Christopher Smith '88, Richard Allin '88, Robert Dinker '89, and Michael Henehan '67 attended.

Marti Dyer '89 to Sam Wilson Jr. on July 22, 1995 in Baltimore. Patty Kraft '88 and Ginny Saciolotto attended.

Luke Aaron Short III '89 to Jane Harrison Bristoll, granddaughter of J. Thomas Kibler, on June 10, 1995. The wedding party consisted of Henry W. Ramsey '89 (Best Man), Derick W. Serra '89, J. Fred Connolly '90, Gerard J. McGarrity '90, Molly Streit '86 and Stephanie Goodwin Ramsey '89. Other alumni in attendance were Sarah Pinney '88, Anne Andrews '89, Dan '91 and Adrienne '89 Helgerman, Brian Lang '89, Mike Macielag '73, Andrea Jackson '78, Doug West '83 and Paige Streit Coombs '78.

Charles Pilkington '91 to Katherine Scott on May 6, 1995. Alumni in attendance included Matt Giller '91, Andy Carrigan '91, Nick Hackett '92, Matt Conaty '92, George Phillips '92, Whitney Maroney '91, Allison Tucker '91, Sarah Coste '91,



Elise Corcoran '92 and Tiffany Bailey '91.

Patricia Hawthorne '92 to Paul Finch on October 15, 1994 in Cicero, NY. Sandra McLelland '92 was Maid of Honor and Jesse Winston '90 was a bridesmaid.

Shelly Mangold '93 to Brian Gearhart on October 28, 1995 in Maui, Hawaii.



Clockwise from top are: the Bristoll/Short wedding party, Charlie and Katherine Scott Pilkington with friends and Marty and Susan Wheeler Williams.

David Felton is doing graduate work in journalism at Arkansas State University.

Matthew Murray is pursuing a master's degree in public and international affairs at the University of Pittsburgh. He returned from Jakarta, Indonesia, in August and interviewed for the Agro-Enterprise and Environmental Section of USAID.

Jen Reddish is doing graduate study in anthropology at the University of Chicago.

Laura Semel has been accepted for graduate study in history at William and Mary in Williamsburg, VA.

Brett Showalter is in the graduate program at Johns Hopkins University studying chemistry. He is living in Baltimore, MD.

## Masters Class Notes

'74 Thomas A. Larsen reports that he is a perpetual volunteer for his community. He volunteers at Peninsula Regional Medical Center, is an Emergency Medical Technician, active firefighter and secretary for Mt. Vernon Fire Company. Tom is on the Board of Directors for Princess Anne Civic Center (and premier hot dog "cooker" at their auctions), and on the Board of Trustees for Asbury Methodist Church in Princess Anne, MD.

'76 Marlene Mays Tribbitt was recognized as "Teacher of the Year" by the staff of Robert S. Gallaher Elementary School in Delaware.

'77 Jane Libby has been a registered dietitian (R.D.) at the Division Of Dietetic Services, DHMH since 1971. She guided the development and accreditation of the post-baccalaureate dietitian internship and has been director since 1980. In 1992, with the help of Mike Kaylor at the Literary House, she published a small book of poems, *Twelvemonth*.

'80 John W. Dobbins is an adjunct professor at Wesley College and Wilmington College, both in Dover, DE.

Valerie Restifo has been a self-employed healthcare consultant in Annapolis for the past three years. She provides consultation to other professionals in the areas of education and career planning.



Kathleen B. White is an international student adviser, English teacher and tutor at the Gunston School in Centreville, MD.

**'81** Ronald W. Norvell is the senior pre-sentence and staff training officer for the Superior Court, State of Delaware.

**'82** Patricia Latham is a teacher at Severna Park High School.

**'84** David G. Burton was elected in Spring '95 by Washington College alumni to the Board of Visitors and Governors at Washington College. He is President of I.G. Burton & Co., Inc. in Milford, DE.

Sandra Cochran Holler has been a teacher at the Calvert Career Center in Prince Frederick, MD, Calvert County. She teaches Juniors and Seniors job readiness skills, résumé writing, job application processes, cover letter writing and interview skills. She also enjoys her job as a transition teacher for special education students.

**'85** Betty M. Malkus completed her Ph.D. at University of Maryland in 1991. She has three grown children, two of whom are Washington College graduates: Amy J. Malkus '88 who is currently completing her doctorate in Child Development at Purdue University, and Mark M. Malkus '89 who received his medical degree from University of Maryland School of Medicine in 1993 and is currently chief resident at Memorial Medical Center in Savannah, GA. Her third child, Chad Malkus, graduated from Clemson in 1994.

**'87** Steve Kinlock is teaching social studies at St. Michaels High School, social studies methods at Washington College

## Births

To John Hall '70 and wife Neil, a son, John Adam, "Jack," was born September 26, 1995.

To Thomas K. George '73, a daughter, Josephine Slayton, on March 29, 1994. She joins older brother Justin, born November 21, 1992. The children's respective Godfathers are John Tansey '73 and Bobby Shriver '73.

To Melinda G. Rath Lee '77 and husband, Maurice, a daughter, Devon deForest, on June 1, 1995.

To Kimberly Pendergast Ferguson '85 and husband Martin, a daughter, Katelyn Elizabeth, on August 1, 1995. Katie joins her sister, Malory, 8, and brother, Timothy, 5.

To Diane Lipford Levine '85 and husband, Stephen, a son, Andrew Lee, on January 15, 1995.

To Kathleen Flanagan Wheeler '86 and Rick Wheeler '86, a son, Christian Thane, on August 14, 1995.

To Eric '86 and Victoria Fuchs '88 Geringswald, their second son, Maximilian Otto, on May 19, 1995.

To John L. Musachio '87 and Susan dePasquale '87, a son, Benjamin Joseph, on August 3, 1995.

To Vickie Vahos Bell '91 and husband, Paul, a son, Adam, on May 21, 1995.

To Chris Brower '91 and wife Kim, a daughter, Grace Elizabeth, on July 25, 1995.

and serves on the Talbot County Council.

**'88** Sharon Strand is Writing Lab Director at Bowling Green State University, OH.

**'89** Robert H. Sparre retired in 1982 from E.I. duPont de Nemours & Co., Inc. after working there for 33 1/2 years. He was a member of the Kent County Planning Commission from 1977-1984 and Director of the Community Work Programs for 14 years in Kent County and 10 years in Cecil County. He is currently self-employed as a property appraiser.

**'91** Conway Gregory has been teaching at Chesapeake College for 18 years and is

currently department chair for social sciences. After receiving his Ed.D. in Curriculum and Instruction at the University of Maryland in 1988, he decided to return to Washington College to complete a M.A. in history. He also has a M.A. in political science from the University of Tennessee. He says he found WC's history graduate program challenging, stimulating and fun.

**'92** Thomas Callahan has been busy teaching history and psychology and coaching girls' basketball at Easton High School in Talbot County, MD. His 1992-93 and 1993-94 basketball squads won back-to-back State Championships! Outside the gym and classroom, Tom has directed a few plays at the school and is currently coach of the chess team. Last year he and his wife celebrated the birth of their daughter, Katie Reed.

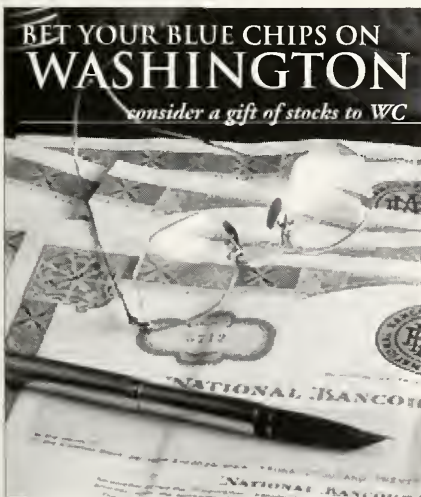
Sherelee Davies is teaching Advanced Placement English in the Fort Worth, TX area. She and her husband are expecting their first child this December.

**'93** Caroline "Lazy" Frazer is entering her third year in graduate study and pursuing a career as a forensic psychologist with the Federal Bureau of Prisons.

**'95** Will Brandenburg is Head Crew Coach and assistant director of Campus Recreation at Barry University in Florida.

James G. Gill, Jr. is director of Residential Services at the Devereux Foundation in Bridgeton, NJ.

Dennis Rhoades is Executive Director of the Dauphin County, PA Historical Society.



**WHY?**

- The College needs your gift to provide scholarships, retain quality professors, and maintain facilities.
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- Call Martin Williams, Vice President for Development and College Relations at 410-778-7813, to discuss your options.

# CURRENTS

## Douglass Cater: The Determined Dreamer

*A Eulogy by Professor Robert Day*

The Douglass Cater I knew was a determined man. He had other obvious characteristics: his large-grinned charm, his Shakespearean temper that authored some gifted oaths, and his rhetorical mind: "Why?" I can hear him ask. "Why can't we do it? I want to know." His was the kind of questioning that made you think.

But mainly I'll remember the determination of Douglass Cater. He was determined to do his job as President of Washington College by bringing to the Board of Visitors and Governors men and women of substance and accomplishment. He was determined to promote the faculty by providing them with opportunities for professional growth and scholarship. He was determined to engage the students on intellectual grounds, and to enhance their lives with a rich cultural environment. He was determined to tell the story of Washington College to anyone who would listen—and some who would not. He was determined to strap our small good college to his large and splendid reputation and in so doing bring our light into the open for all to see and appreciate. His determination in these matters was largely fulfilled, and we are the richer for his efforts.

Because I was a friend as well as a colleague, I can also testify that he was determined—and this was more difficult than most people understood—not to be sick, nor in pain, nor trouble

to anyone because of what he called "the bad equipment of his body." His determination sometimes took on both cosmic and comic dimensions.

I remember one particular morning. His back had been giving him trouble and in an effort to cure himself, he had purchased an apparatus into which he would climb and then — by pushing various levers — rotate himself upside down, thus (so the makers of the device claimed) stretching his spine toward painless perfection.

Not that Douglass was content to do nothing while he hung upside down. He had mastered—or nearly mastered—the art of straightening his spine while simultaneously dictating tapes of memos. At the time I was living in a house a few blocks from the Hynson Ringgold House where Douglass lived. The phone rings:

"Mr. Day?"

"Yes, Rosetta," I say. It is Rosetta Johnson. She is the college housekeeper assigned to the Hynson Ringgold House.

"He's stuck," she says. "And Mrs. Cater isn't here."

"Who's stuck?" I say.

"Mr. Cater," she says. "He's stuck upside down in his backbone straightener and he's hollering something awful." Over the phone I can indeed hear considerable "hollering," and while I can't make out the words, I can grasp the gist of it.

"Go up and help him," I say.

"I tried to, but he's stuck," she says. "He's hanging upside down like a possum only he's mad as a treed coon."

"I'll be right down," I say.

No sooner do I get out the door than I hear the phone ring again.

"He fell out," says Rosetta.

"How do you know?" I say.

"I heard him hit the floor," she says.

"He made a big thud."

"Go up and see if he's okay," I say.

"I'd need a long-handled spoon to get near him now, Mr. Day. You come down and see if he's okay."

"What are you doing here?" says Douglass. He is sitting on the floor in the upstairs hall, his dictating recorder in his hand. I had heard him talking to it as I was coming up the stairs, so I figured he must not be too badly hurt. Behind him I could see the spine machine on its side. Some of its parts were bent and one lever had been pulled clear off.

"Rosetta said you were stuck," I say.

"I fell out. I can take care of myself."

"I know you can. I just thought I'd see how you were doing at it."

"While you're here," he says, "I was wondering why we can't..."

And no doubt it turned out we could, if we just thought about it a bit—and were determined enough.

That was Douglass — Douglass Cater the determined man. And, now that I see him again in my mind's eye, that was Douglass Cater the determined dreamer. When I spoke on behalf of the faculty to welcome him at his inauguration, I remember thinking: "Behold this Dreamer Cometh." It was written all over him. Those dreams of what Washington College could become (and did become, to a large measure because he was President) were what fired his determination.

While it was my pleasure to say on behalf of the College in 1983: Douglass, welcome and hello, it is my sad duty to say now—as a colleague and as a friend: Douglass, good-bye, determined dreamer, good-bye.

*Robert Day is director of Washington College's O'Neill Literary House.*



## College Events

### November 26

Washington College Alumni Association and Pickering Creek Environmental Center present "A Tribute to Gilbert Byron '23" with Charlie Byrd H'93, Tom Horton, Jack Lewis and Jack Schroeder '58. Historic Avalon Theatre, Easton, MD, 2:30 - 4:30 pm.

### November 30

Drama production, "Pounding Nails in the Floor with my Forehead," Tawes Theater, 8 pm and midnight. Also playing December 1 & 2.

### December 1 & 2

Board of Visitors and Governors meeting.

Renaissance Christmas Feast, Hynson Lounge, 7 pm. Reservations required: phone 778-7838.

### December 3

The WC Jazz Band in concert, Norman James Theatre, 4 pm.

### December 7

The Conrad M. Wingate Memorial Lecture in History presents "World

War II and the American Century," with Joan Hoff, Director, Center for the Study of the Presidency. Hynson Lounge, 7:30 pm.

Annapolis Alumni Happy Hour, Ram's Head Tavern, West Street, Annapolis, 6 - 8 pm. For information call the Alumni Office.

### December 8

The Washington College Community Chorus Holiday Concert, Norman James Theatre, 8 pm.

Wild Goose Classic Basketball Tourney (December 8-9). Call 778-7238 for information.

Baltimore Alumni Happy Hour, Warfields, Towson Sheraton, 5:30 - 7:30 pm. For more information call Kathleen O'Donnell (410) 486-6973.

### December 9

Alumni Council Meeting.

### December 14

The Harwood Colloquy presents "The Future of the Two Party System in America," with Marcia Hale, Assistant to the President; William Kristol, *The Weekly Standard*; Michael Barone, *U.S. News & World Report*; Juan Williams, *The Washington Post*; Richard Ben

Cramer, author; and Richard Harwood, *The Washington Post*; moderated by John Harwood, *The Wall Street Journal*. Hynson Lounge, 4 pm.

### December 15

Kent & Queen Anne's Alumni Chapter's Holiday Party, Geddes-Piper House, 5:30-7:30 pm.

### January 27

Alumni and Friends Tennis Tournament, Johnson Lifetime Fitness Center, 1-6 pm. To register, call the Alumni Office.

The WC Concert Series presents James Wilson and Joanne Kong, cello and piano duo, Tawes Theater, 8 pm. Tickets available at the door.

### February 17

Alumni Council Meeting.  
Board of Visitors and Governors Meeting.

Washington's Birthday Convocation, 2 pm.

The students of WC cordially invite all alumni to attend Washington's Birthday Ball, 9 pm - 1 am, Cain Gym. For tickets or information, call the Alumni Office.

To receive the monthly Calendar of Events, please phone the Special Events Coordinator at 800-422-1782, ext. 7849. The Calendar is also available on Washington College's web page accessible at <<http://www.washcoll.edu>>. For information on alumni events, please call the Alumni Office at 800-422-1782, ext. 7812. For a complete schedule of athletic events, phone the Sports Information Office at 800-422-1782, ext. 7238. Be sure to check out the Centennial Conference Home Page on the World Wide Web <<http://www.fandm.edu/centennialconference/>> for WC scores and standings.

## DONOR'S PROFILE:

### Eleanor K. Shriver '93



Volleyball and Lacrosse Coach,  
Alfred University  
Member, Washington College  
Visiting Committee

Giving Level: Founders Club,  
The 1782 Society, orchestrated gift  
of Shriver Field

Fondest Memories: "My volleyball and lacrosse teams haven't won a lot of games yet here at Alfred, so I appreciate Washington College's winning tradition! Lettering in field hockey, lacrosse, swimming, and tennis, I had lots of opportunity to be a part of that tradition, and that experience is something I'm trying to provide for my players."

On Shriver Field: "As an athlete and coach, I know how important it is to have good facilities. It was my idea to provide a new field for women's athletics dedicated to the memory of my grandparents, Eleanor Ringgold and Samuel H. Shriver, who lived on Hinchingham Farm near Rock Hall. My grandfather died in 1968, and my grandmother died in 1990, so neither of them got to see me play college sports, or hear me sing in the chorus, or any of those things I was involved in, and they both loved sports and the outdoors. This is a project my entire family has supported."

Why I Give: "WC provided me with an incredible education — not just in the classroom but through lessons learned by living in the dorm, playing sports, being an RA, and being a member of the community. The College did this without me asking — it was just given to me. I appreciate that. Because my grandparents and Washington College both did wonderful things for me, I wanted to do a wonderful thing for them."